

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MAY 12, 1959

America's National Sports Weekly

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Cover: The America's Cup ▶

This 27-inch-high pitcher is 1854's most coveted prize. In the first of his reports of the America's Cup year, Master Yachtsman Carleton Mitchell unveils the U.S. contenders.

Photograph by Transflex Inc.

Next week



▶ Part 5 of *Big League Secrets* reveals outfielding and base running techniques as described by Richie Ashburn, the best-loved center fielder of the Philadelphia Phillies.

▶ In seven pages of pictures as striking as they are new, Jerry Uekler captures the first glimpse of the show that will be Rome when the Olympic Games move there in 1960.

▶ Gerald Holland finds out how to raise All-American tackle from Cathryn Pyle, mother of two of the nation's finest specimens, Michigan State's Pyle Pyle and Yale's Mike.

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promise her
anything...
but give her

ARE PRESENT

LANVIN PARFUMS • PARIS

MEMO from the publisher

THIS WEEK when you come to **PAT ON THE BACK** in its customary place on the last page, the name that you read is likely to be more familiar than the face that you see. The whole country knows Musial, Stan. The reputation of Musial, Dick, on the other hand, has not yet spread far beyond St. Louis, where he goes to high school. But it's a reputation that makes Dick deserve a commendation as much as his father last year deserved the biggest pat that **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** can give, Sportsman of the Year.

There aren't any specific rules for a pat on the back. It's a kind of feeling, like my no-trump bid. In its early days we used to say it was "a salute to some who have earned the good opinion of the world of sport, if not yet its tallest headlines." This is close to the general idea. But then there came weeks when it was right to salute Rocky Marciano, for his golf; Billy Martin, for coaching Little Leaguers; and Ty Cobb, for endowing a hospital. And somehow it turned out that tall headlines didn't have much to do with it.

PAT ON THE BACK is a recognition of quality more than quantity, of character more than skill, or simply a bow to performance above and beyond the call of duty.

One man who has kept every **PAT ON THE BACK** since the beginning is

Mr. David Greenhouse, the president of the Arlen Trophy Co. of Brooklyn, who watches almost instinctively whenever they pass out the compliments. Naturally he likes to see a trophy in the act. A trophy, he says, is real. It's something you can hold in your hand, put on the mantel or give to a favorite grandchild.

So the Arlen Trophy Co. asked if it could donate an engraved statuette to each person honored in **PAT ON THE BACK**. It certainly could and, starting with Dick Musial, it's going to. Dick will receive his trophy in a premiere presentation on Bob Ingham's *Sports Show* over station KSD-TV in St. Louis at 6:05 p.m., May 8.

And from now on, whenever it's possible, the people in **PAT ON THE BACK**, individuals or teams, one or many, will receive their trophies in fitting ceremony. But if there's no ceremonial way, by parcel post or dog sled.

Unlike Oscar or Emmy, this one has no name yet. Seems likely though to end up as a Patrick.



DAVID GREENHOUSE

Harry Phillips

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SCOREBOARD

A worldwide roundup of the sports information of the week

RECORD BREAKERS—RIDGE NORTHERN, U. of Texas powerboy regarded by some as nation's finest runner (see page 45), buzzed around two turns in rabbit-quick tempo, sprinted 440 in 46.1 to break 12-year-old collegerecord (46.2 by Illinois' Herb McKenley) in triangular meet with Rice and Texas A&M at Austin (May 1). Complained Eddie: "This is the worst I've felt in a long time. I didn't get this tired when I ran hard for four straight days."

DAY REINFORCE, Hayward H.S. teen-ager who is busy rewriting interscholastic record book these days, churned water foamy white in 25-yard pool at Hayward, Calif., freestyling 269 yards in 1:54.5 and 440 yards in 4:30.2 (April 29).

BASEBALL—NEW YORK YANKS, getting airtight pitching from Bobby Shantz and Bob Turley, home ran blasts from Moose Skowron, held grip on American League lead but found Washington Senators, who took three out of four from Cleveland, Chicago, Kansas City, breathing hard on their necks as Indians and Baltimore moved up to challenge Athletics for third.

CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE and SAN FRANCISCO dipped in and out of first place in National League like elevator in rush hour, were being pushed by Pittsburgh Pirates, who found Los Angeles' left-field screen easy targets, won four out of five from Dodgers, and by Cincinnati Redlegs, who swept three from St. Louis, split pair with Cubs. At week's end, Cubs were in lead, with Pirates, Braves, Giants ball-game behind and Redlegs only one game out.

TENNIS—PANTO CANTALES, leading ABRAHE Low Head 37-32 in world tour, logged his big serve into Cleveland for national pro championships, fanned 4 loose to sweep past weary Head 3-6, 4-6, 14-12, 6-1, 6-4 in final for his sixth straight title.

BASKETBALL—U.S. basketballers moved into Russian hinterland, gave Red sample of how game should be played. Before 25,000 cheering Georgians (see below), who jammed Tbilisi outdoor Dynamo Stadium (once named for discredited Soviet secret police chief, Lavrenti Benti) and jugged happily to barrage of American rock 'n' roll tunes (favorite: The Pogues' *The Pop*). AAU men trounced Azerbaijan champions 95-66 after female counterparts outscored Georgian All-Stars 42-37 for first victory on Soviet soil. Next day, 25,000 braved drenching downpour, watched U.S. men outdist Georgia All-Stars 53-41, women beat Estonia 43-34. Teams moved on to Leningrad's Winter Stadium, where Americans were poised before defeating Leningrad All-Stars 76-72 for fifth straight; girls downed Russian Federation 54-44, Leningrad 58-42 to conclude tour with four straight.

ALAN HAHNMAN, who survived midseason dispute with dedicated Outer Ben Kerner to lead St. Louis Hawks to NBA title, last week took long, hard look at his basketball future, decided, "It is unprofitable to go back under the contract we have," confirmed his resignation after 16 months of sometimes turbulent big league coaching.

HORSE RACING—TEN TANK, stepping neatly and boldly through Churchill Downs mud under gentle but firm urging of Ismael Valenzuela, scurried out of pack at head of stretch to beat down on front-running Lincoln Road—while Javel's Reward was unable to get to third-place Nouredin and Siky Sullivan trailed badly in 12th place—pounded home first by half-length in \$116,400 Kentucky Derby (see page 24).

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S FARM MALL, off at 20 to 1, swept into lead in last 50 yards, pranced uphill on Newmarket's Rooley mole straightaway to win 2,000 Guineas Stakes, first of British season's major stakes for 3-year-olds, add \$38,947 to royal tilt.

TRACK & FIELD—CALIFORNIA'S DON HOWDEN, only U.S. male to break four minutes, warmed up for major meets ahead, ran distance in 4:08.5, but suffered his first dash-meet defeat in two years when he was upset by Stanford's Ernie Coniffe in 1-50.2 half-mile at Palo Alto.

lost parlayed winning efforts by Rink Babka in dashes (1.04 feet 1½ inches), Davey Davis in shotgun (58 feet 1½ inches), Charley Dumas in high jump (5 feet 8½ inches), Max Truitt in 2-mile (9:01.1) into 75-63 triumph over UCLA at Los Angeles, packed away 79th straight dash-meet victory.

BOXING—ARCHIE MOORE, fat, flashy and 41 going on 48, called in at last minute for \$10,000 TV shot, stopped only long enough to paven his goatee and flex his bulging muscles, buffed and pulled his way to 10-round split decision over willing Wilf Beaman in Derby Eve nontitle fight at Louisville. From 156½-pound Archie came his latest blueprint for future: "I'm taking off weight so I can fight either Floyd Patterson for the heavyweight championship or Ray Robinson for my title. Ray has lots of walking-around money now. When he gets down to that last \$300,000, maybe he'll listen. We'll fight for the old man's championship of the world."

WILLIE FEE, another wily old (35) pro, called on his past for every trick in trade, bewildered young Lightweight Jimmy Kelly (James K. Kalogoropoulos) with cunning assortment of jabs, uppercuts, hooks and right crosses while stepping carefully out of range, walked off with decision in 10-rounder at Boston. Victory earned Willie No. 7 spot in NBA featherweight rankings but failed to impress New York State Boxing Commission, which refused to grant him license.

GOLF—TOMMY BOLT, once-tempestuous Oklahoman, shot caution 74 on final round, barely held off crashing Ken Venturi, who finished with 69, by single stroke 282-283 to pocket \$5,000 in Colonial Invitation at Fort Worth. Bragged Bolt: "I didn't even get mad the whole tournament."

continued

accent on the deed . . .



HAPPY WANDERER Nat Lofthouse (right) shouts for joy after booting ball past sprawling Manchester United goalie Gregg as Bolton Wanderers won 3-0 in English Cup Final before 100,000 at Wembley.



CONQUERING HEROES, U.S. basketball variety, present imposing picture as they line up with Russian opponents (left) in Tbilisi' Dynamo Stadium, where 25,000 watched Americans beat Azerbaijan 95-45.

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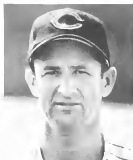


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X-RAY

Before the heat of summer strikes,
the veterans are having their fling



BRIGHTLY OLD-TIMERS are 39-year-old Hank Sauer of the Giants (left) and the Indians' 40-year-old first baseman Mickey Vernon, who both started their careers in organized baseball 22 seasons ago. Vernon leads the American League in home runs and RBIs average, while Sauer ranks high among the National League leaders in home runs and RBIs

TEAM PERFORMANCES

This week (4/27-5/3)	Season	Home Runs	RBIs
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Cincinnati	3-0	1,000	7-5
Pittsburgh	4-1	860	8-6
Chicago	4-1	857	8-6
Philadelphia	4-2	647	7-8
San Francisco	2-4	333	10-7
Washington	2-4	333	9-7
Los Angeles	2-4	313	6-11
St. Louis	0-4	206	3-11
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Boston	3-0	790	8-10
New York	2-1	667	10-4
Washington	3-2	558	8-5
Baltimore	2-2	500	8-8
Baltimore	2-2	500	8-8
Cleveland	2-2	478	8-8
Atlanta City	1-2	333	8-6
Chicago	1-2	333	6-10

TEAM LEADERS

Work	Batting	Season	Home Runs	Pitching	Season	
Temple	545	Temple	422	2 with 2	Perley	3-0
Thomas	514	St. Louis	361	Thomas	4	3-0
Wells	475	Boston	329	Wells	4	3-0
Barnes	470	Atlanta	329	Barnes	2	2-0
Snyder	364	Map	287	Snyder	7	2-0
Lepore	313	Cleveland	308	Marshall	3	3-0
Olson	303	Gray	342	Gray	4	3-0
Mason	467	Mason	308	Mason	4	3-0
Barnes	426	Barnes	380	Barnes	4	3-0
Skinner	426	Skinner	361	Skinner	3	3-0
Courtney	462	Courtney	342	Courtney	3	3-0
Temple	514	Temple	378	Temple	2	3-0
Trudeau	338	Trudeau	362	Trudeau	3	3-0
Vernon	359	Vernon	417	Vernon	3	3-0
Gray	345	Gray	404	Gray	6	3-0
Lofler	690	Lofler	358	Lofler	3	3-0

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (to May 3)

BEST	WORST
Rolling (NL)	Motel (NL)
Batting (AL)	Wells (NL)
Home runs	Rollins (NL)
Rollins (NL)	Rollins (NL)
Home runs	Rollins (NL)
Batting (AL)	Rollins (NL)
Pitching (NL)	Rollins (NL)
Pitching (AL)	Rollins (NL)
ERA (NL)	Rollins (NL)
ERA (AL)	Rollins (NL)
Complete games (NL)	Rollins (NL)
Complete games (AL)	Rollins (NL)
Team RR (NL)	Rollins (NL)
Team RR (AL)	Rollins (NL)
Team runs (NL)	Rollins (NL)
Team runs (AL)	Rollins (NL)
Team hits (NL)	Rollins (NL)
Team hits (AL)	Rollins (NL)

RUNS PRODUCED

Runs Scored	Team Runs	Total Runs Produced
Wells (NL)	18	8
Wells (NL)	18	8
Wells (NL)	18	8
Wells (NL)	18	8
Wells (NL)	18	8
Wells (NL)	18	8
Wells (NL)	18	8
Wells (NL)	18	8
Wells (NL)	18	8
Wells (NL)	18	8

THE ROOKIES

NATIONAL LEAGUE	AMERICAN LEAGUE
Wells (NL)	Wells (NL)
Wells (NL)	Wells (NL)
Wells (NL)	Wells (NL)
Wells (NL)	Wells (NL)
Wells (NL)	Wells (NL)
Wells (NL)	Wells (NL)
Wells (NL)	Wells (NL)
Wells (NL)	Wells (NL)
Wells (NL)	Wells (NL)
Wells (NL)	Wells (NL)

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

TROUT: WAIVER: Ice is out on Moosehead and other key waters such as Rangeley, Fish River, Chain O'Lakes and Grand Lakes. WT low with FF, but early anglers have target in Guide Jim Heath's 17-pound 5-ounce brown trout taken at Sebago while trailing a Moosehead Wabblin in 8 feet of water; OF/G.

WASHINGTON, PG/OG, but state game officials aghast at epidemic of cylinder depredations against trout. In past two weeks officers manning feedbooks in Okanogan-Methow district in central Washington apprehended 15 violators. In one case was 140 trout over legal limit. In another was 30-gallon barrel packed with rainbow. All in all, over 1,600 pounds of illegal trout confiscated. Meanwhile in western state hogfish anglers have spoiled fishing by chumming with such varied fare as canned corn, peas, salmon eggs, pan-fake trout mixed with ground beef, and crinkled maybells. Fish full, creels empty.

ORNONOY. FG 12. Deschutes River above mouth of Crooked River. Water C with rainbows and browns to 20 inches taking flies and bug. Metolus River also good for rainbows to 4 pounds on Caddis flies, Blue Duns and Wickham's Fancies. Other waters H and K but clearing rapidly and OG.

SHAD: MARYLAND. Run peaking, with white and hickory shad boiling in Choptank and Susquehanna rivers. Mouth of Octoraro Creek and west bank of Susquehanna below Deer Creek particularly active for anglers using red, yellow or white D-I-Lures: DVC.

BONEFISH: HAWAIIAN. FG out of Light-house Club and Bang Bang Club on Andros Island, where recently General Carl (Tooney) Spaatz, former Chief of Air Force Staff, and General Frank O'D Hunter, once Commanding General of the U.S. 1st Air Force, defeated 10 bonefish in one day. **OG.**

FLORIDA: FG/OVG as all Keys guides report armies of bonefish marching across flats. Last week Islamorada Guide Everett Carey poled Mr. and Mrs. Carlton Smith of Palm Beach, Florida for five days during which they took 17 bonefish from 8 to 11 pounds on 6-pound spinning tackle.

BLUEFIN TUNA: KAHAMAT. Rollswathers of annual massive tuna migration past Bimini and Cat Cay now in evidence, with 427-pound fish already docked, OG from now until mid-June.

SALFISH FLORIDA: After eight days of fishing off Miami, Samuel Heilner III, son of famed sport author Van Camp Heilner, sadly admitted that he had lost 2 but landed his father \$100. Young Heilner warned that he could land a 60-pound sailfish on 4-pound test line. During eight days Heilner estimated he lost over 1,000 yards of line. Sometimes it broke as it left outgiggers. Often it parted in choppy water. Heilner did manage to boat 10-pound dolphin and lost 15-pound bonito to boat, never did hook a sailfish. On basis of experience, however, Heilner willing to concede 60-pound sailfish cannot be landed on 4-pound test line. Any bets?

CHANNEL BASS: NORTH CAROLINA One month late due to extreme winter, channel bass now showing in surf at Hatteras Island, Kitty Hawk, Nags Head and Ocracoke Island. Fish running from 35 to 50 pounds and anglers taking legal limit of two without diff-



GIANT SAWFISH weighing 1,000 pounds is fought two hours in Everglades before Angler Albert Gnat of Miami wins out. Trophy may be new rod and reel record.

culty, especially in Oregon Inlet where fish are hitting trailed Pfanner No. 7 spoons. **OG**

STEELHEAD: 10,600. FG at Flying B Ranch on Middle Fork of Salmon at ranch front door and below pack bridge where fresh run is challenging fish to 18 pounds. Last week Cal Riley of Boise waded chest-deep in icy water to battle 17-pound female on 6-pound top spinning mucle, finally tailed fish, found all loose tackle in pockets plus wallet had floated off during engagement. Said Riley: "Let's keep fishing. These fish will be snuffed with crankbaits."



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COMING EVENTS

May 9 to May 12

- ★ Color Television
- ★ Telecasts
- ★ Network radio

All times E.S.T., except where otherwise noted

Friday, May 9

AUTO RACING
Hawaii Speed Week, Eliningham Air Base, Oahu, Hawaii (through May 11).

★ **BASKETBALL**
Chicago White Sox vs. Cleveland Indians, Chicago, 8:00 p.m. (Mutual).

★ **BOXING**
Carlos Ortiz vs. Tony Lopez, lightweight, 10 rds., Hollywood, 10 p.m. (NBC).

★ **GOLF**
Atlantic Coast Conference Tournament, Wake Forest-Salem, N.C. (also May 10); New England Intercollegiate and Yankee Conference, Burlington, Vt. (through May 11); Ladies Women's Open, \$5,000, Lenox, Ohio (through May 12).

★ **SYNCRONIC**
National AAA Championship, San Francisco, Calif. (also May 10).

★ **TRACK & FIELD**
Atlantic Coast Conference Meet, Durham, N.C. (also May 10).

Saturday, May 10

AUTO RACING
NASCAR "Tobac 200" Convertible Championship, Burlington, S.C.

★ **BASKETBALL**
Chicago White Sox vs. Cleveland Indians, Chicago, 2:15 p.m. (CBS).

★ **DEPORTS**
Tigers vs. Kansas City Athletics, Detroit, 2:00 p.m. (NBC).

★ **BOXING**
Apple Cup, unadvised, hydrex, Lake Charles, La. (also May 11); Middle Atlantic Boxing Championship Regatta, Annapolis, Md. (also May 11).

★ **GOLF**
Eastern Intercollegiate Championship, New Haven, Conn. (through May 12).

★ **HORSE RACING**
Grey-Las Meadows, \$50,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/8 m., Saratoga, N.Y. (also 9 p.m. (NBC)).

★ **Golden Gate Handicap**, \$50,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/8 m., Golden Gate, Calif.

★ **Duke Handicap**, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 1 m. 3 f., Pimlico, Md. (5 p.m. (CBS)).

★ **Dorwin Valley Stakes**, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds, 6 f., Garden State Park, N.J.

★ **Delaware Stakes**, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds (colts and geldings), 9 f., Hollywood Park, Calif. (Trotting).

★ **Monitor Sport**, Roca-Roca Raceway, L.L.N.Y., 3:00 p.m. (NBC).

★ **HUNT RACING**
Purdon Hunt Club, Malvern, Pa.
Bryant Hunt Club, Nashville.

★ **LACROSSE**
Navy vs. Johns Hopkins, Annapolis, Md.

★ **TRACK & FIELD**
West Coast Relays, Fresno, Calif.

Sunday, May 11

AUTO RACING
NASCAR Grand National Division, 50-mile race, \$4,250, Greensboro, N.C.

★ **Swaps Race International Sports Car Championship**, Selly.

★ **BASKETBALL**
Detroit Tigers vs. Kansas City Athletics, Detroit, 2:00 p.m. (Mutual).

★ **BASKETBALL**
Chicago Cubs vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Chicago, 2:00 p.m. (Mutual).

★ **BOXING**
Eddie Lopez vs. Peter Schepel, welterweights, 10 rds., St. Nick's, New York, 10 p.m. (De-Mont).

★ **HORSE RACING**
Trix Wicks, \$25,000, 3-yr.-olds, 1 m., Belmont Park, N.Y.

★ **YACHTS**
Pro-Tour (Bass) vs. Gumbel, Midland, Mich.

continued



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COMING EVENTS continued

WEIGHT LIFTING

U.S. team vs. U.S.S.R. team, Chicago.

Tuesday, May 13

- Chicago Cubs vs. St. Louis Cardinals, Chicago, 2:15 p.m. (Mutual)

LACROSSE

Mary vs. Duke, Annapolis, Md.

TENNIS

Pro tour: Rod vs. Gonzalez, Milwaukee.

Wednesday, May 14

BOXING

- Charley Liston vs. Julio Medina, heavy-weights, 10 rds., Chicago, 10 p.m. (ABC)

FISHING

Tuna Tournament, Bristol, Bahamas (through May 18)

HORSE RACING

Drift Hurdles, \$24,000, 3-yr-olds & up (98-100 lbs and season), 7 f., Belmont Park, N.Y.
Black Eyed Susan, \$20,000, 3-yr-olds (females), 1 1/4 m., Pimlico, Md.

LACROSSE

Bengals vs. Princeton, New Brunswick, N.J.
Cornell vs. Syracuse, Ithaca, N.Y.

Thursday, May 15

GOLF

Memphis Invitation Tournament, \$20,000, Memphis (through May 18)

Greenbrier Invitation Tournament, \$10,000, Myrtle Springs, W. Va. (through May 18)

TENNIS

Pro tour: Rod vs. Gonzalez, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

WEIGHT LIFTING

U.S. team vs. U.S.S.R. team, Detroit.

Friday, May 16

AUTO RACING

SCCA National Races, Cumberland, Md. (through May 18)

GOLF

Betty Lewis French Hensons Women's Open, \$5,000, Spartanburg, S.C. (through May 18)

HORSE RACING

The Transamerica (Twilight), \$5,000, Lebanon, Ohio.

HOCKEY

Golden State Blades, \$5,125, Las Vegas (through May 18)

SHOOTING

Great Western Open Shoot Shoot, Chicago (through May 18)

TRACK & FIELD

Columbia Relays, Los Angeles
Southeastern Conference Championships, Birmingham (also May 17)

Saturday, May 17

AUTO RACING

Indianapolis "500" Qualifying Trials, Indianapolis (also May 18)

BASEBALL

- Washington Senators vs. New York Yankees, Washington, D.C., 2 p.m. (NBC)

- St. Louis Cardinals vs. Los Angeles Dodgers, St. Louis, 7:15 p.m. (CBS)

BOATING

Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta, 1986, Charles River, Cambridge, Mass.
Western Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta, heavyweights, Lake Carnegie, Princeton, N.J.

HORSE RACING

- Freehold, \$100,000, 3-yr-olds, 1 1/4 m., Freehold, Md., 5 p.m. (CBS)
- Los Angeles Handicap, \$50,000, 3-yr-olds & up, 7 f., Hollywood Park, Calif.

HUNT RACING

Base Tree Hunting Club, Media, Pa.

LACROSSE

Army vs. Syracuse, West Point, N.Y.
Yale vs. Harvard, New Haven, Conn.
Johns Hopkins vs. Maryland, Baltimore

TRACK & FIELD

Reynolds Games Outdoor Championships, Annapolis, Md.

WEIGHT LIFTING

U.S. team vs. U.S.S.R. team, Madison Square Garden, New York.

Sunday, May 18

TRACK & FIELD

National AAU Marathon Championships, Yonkers, N.Y.
Women's and Girls' National Prep Meet, Queens, N.Y.



PHOTO BY TOM KELLEY

Lowell North, No.1 Yachtsman, wears new Jantzen deck pants and cable "Yachtsman" shirt

This is the world champion "Star" class sailor, just before he won his title at Havana last year, wearing his lucky duck deck pants and his lucky "yachtsman" shirt.

Lowell follows the pattern of more than a few Jantzen International Sports Club members. Tom Kelley takes their photograph, and they go out and win. (Note Ken Venturi, Bill Muncey, Frank Gifford. All won important tournaments, races, and games immediately following!)

The deck pants are exactly what yachtsmen have been looking for—tough and trim white duck of the right length, tailored so that nothing can hook when

you have to move fast on the deck. Waist sizes are from 28 to 40, they sell for \$7.95.

How do you like the good-looking shirt? The fabric is jersey cable, and it comes in red and navy—all with the white cable stripe. Sizes are small, medium, and large, for \$5.95. At the better stores.

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**SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED**
MAY 12, 1958

ARMS UPRAISED

**Mighty Calumet won another Derby,
but the nation still wonders what happened
to its beloved Silky Sullivan. Did humidity
cause the horse—and the dream—to fade?**

by WHITNEY TOWER

YEARs from now, when Kentucky Derby visitors peer down at the fine print on their souvenir mint-julep glasses to note the 1958 winner, it may be that the name of Tim Tam will ring a quiet but very special bell. The true aficionado in the semimystical world in which the racetracker lives and works will tell his children that Tim Tam's victory was the seventh for mighty Calumet Farm, but he may say it with the studied indifference of a man announcing that a baseball player named Stan Musial has just won another batting

FLAILING WHIP OF JOCKEY WILLIE SHOEMAKER FAILS TO ROUSE SILKY SULLIVAN'S VAUNTED RUSH AS HORSES ENTER STRETCH.



BUT HOPES DASHED

championship or that a prizefighter called Ray Robinson has regained the world middleweight title.

The expert asked to expound on Tim Tam's Derby could brush it off quickly: Calumet won the big seventh because Tim Tam is exactly the sort of colt that Calumet breeds for the specific purpose of winning Kentucky Derbies, because Calumet Trainer Jimmy Jones (81, March 17) is one of the best—if not the best—trainer on any American race track today and finally, of course, because it takes much more than a run-of-the-mill

3-year-old to lick the best that Calumet and Jimmy Jones can put on the Churchill Downs course on the most important racing day of the whole year.

Nobody—not even the man who collected \$6.20 on a Tim Tam win ticket—enjoyed the 84th Derby quite as much as the Calumet team, because even though the knowledgeable horsemen felt that Tim Tam had to be figured as the best horse in the 14-horse field, Jimmy Jones found his stable playing second fiddle

continued

OVER 100,000 FANS, MANY OF THEM FLOODING THE INFIELD, LIFT HATS AND HANDS TOWARD THE BLAZING HOPE THAT FAILED



1 Benedicto; 2 Noureddin; 3 Martins Rullah; 4 Ebony Pearl; 5 A Dragon Killer; 6 Chance It Tony; 7 Gone Flahin'; 8 Jewel's Reward; 9 Flamingo; 10 Red Hot Pistol; 11 Lincoln Road; 12 Tim Tam; 13 Silky Sullivan; 14 Warren G, completing the Kentucky Derby field.

Photograph by Hy Patis

throughout Derby week to a unique attraction in another barn. The attraction, of course, was California's Silky Sullivan, the wonder horse with the wonder flashing run and all the glamour and buildup worthy of a Hollywood premiere. No horse in history ever came to Louisville with Silky's popularity. Hundreds glued themselves to his every move. Cameras clicked at each step, and some even were put to grinding away inside his special stall after it had been outfitted with harsh floodlights. Through it all Silky reacted with the aplomb and dignity of an established star. He never appeared without full-dress uniform of bright red accoutrements; and his enormous proportions and general good looks did nothing to erase the impression among his hero-worshippers that here indeed they had found the super-colt to whip Calumet and the other most feared rival in the race, Mrs. Elizabeth Arden Graham's Jewel's Reward.

To say that Silky did everything asked—or expected—of him would

be an out-and-out falsehood. What was asked of him by his fans was to win. What was asked of him by his trainer, Reggie Cornell, and Co-owners Tom Ross and Phil Klipstein was please, not to disgrace himself. But poor Silky, like the actor building up for opening night and then fluffing his lines, did disgrace himself in the 84th Derby, for after a brief but electrifying burst of speed as he rounded the far turn Silky "died" in the stretch and finished an exhausted and dismal 12th—ahead of just two horses.

The observer may accept the excuse that suits his fancy. The I-told-you-so critics of Silky Sullivan's buildup and ability can always say that the big California hero simply tripped over his pedigree, and that despite his whirlwind finishes there was never any indication that he could last the Derby distance of a mile and a quarter against Derby-class competition and at Derby speed. Another school of thought has it that last Saturday's intense humidity in Louisville was the most damaging atmosphere imaginable for any horse with a wind condition. Wishfully,

they will always be convinced that if Saturday, May 8, 1958 had been crisp and cool Silky would have written another tale. But Willie Shoemaker, who rode Silky, has yet one more pertinent explanation. Despite Silky's supposed fondness for any kind of going, this time, said Shoemaker, "I knew right away that he wasn't handling the track properly. He was slipping and sliding even going into the first turn, and I had a pretty good idea even then that we weren't going to be in the race."

The track (officially labeled "muddy") has a good bottom to it, and so rather than becoming holding after a rainfall it turned slick on top. There's no doubt that this affected a lot of horses in the race besides Silky Sullivan. For one, Eddie Arcaro said that his colt, Jewel's Reward, at no time ran to his full capabilities, and most of the other trainers and jockeys had —because of the track conditions—a ready-made excuse for poor showings.

None was offered by the owners of Silky Sullivan. In the paddock before the race, Co-owners Ross and Klipstein were hopeful rather than optimistic. Klipstein looked through

YOUNG TOM FOOL

Tim Tam's win brings as much joy to the historic Greentree Stable (owned by the U.S. Ambassador in London, J. H. Whitney, and his sister, Mrs. Charles Shipman Payson) as it does to Calumet. Sire of Tim Tam was Greentree's Tom Fool (here pictured at the age of two), an indomitable horse who was as contemptuous of his opposition as of weight or track conditions. Tom Fool was 31 of 33 races, and never finished worse than fourth. Another son, Jester (1957 Belmont Futurity winner), is among his first crop. He now demands a \$5,000 stud fee.



the crowd standing 20-deep across from Silky's stall and said mournfully, "The awful thing about all this is that I'm the one guy who has never believed Silky is as good as most people think he is. I try to play him down when others play him up. Now just look at this mob out here. There are a lot of Californians out there. I know most of them. One fellow I can see from here came in a group of 16 people and between them they brought \$25,000 to bet on Silky. I admire their loyalty, but I hate the thought of disappointing them."

When it was all over and Silky had been led quietly away from the cruel limelight on Tim Tam in the winner's circle, Klipstein walked slowly out of the stands. As a happy crowd barged by him, Klipstein paused for a moment. "He just didn't run worth a damn, did he?" he remarked to a friend. "And I don't have to have an excuse. Our horse just isn't good enough. I thought so before. I know so now."

RIBBON WINNER

If Silky Sullivan had run "his race," he undoubtedly would have made last Saturday's Derby more exciting. But all week long Jones was loving the Silky buildup because he knew that he—and not Reggie Cornell—had the best horse. When he was asked if he didn't agree that Silky was a grand-looking colt, he'd chuckle a while and then fire back, "That may be so but, remember, they're not staging a horse show out here Saturday. This is a running race."

And a running race it was. Tim Tam, fearing neither track nor Silky Sullivan, had won the Derby Trial at a mile only five days before and was again ridden by Ismael (Milo) Valenzuela, substituting for the injured Bill Hartack. "The colts we've got to watch out for," said Jones to Milo, "are Jewel's Reward [Tim Tam's old nemesis at Hialeah] and that front-running Lincoln Road [who all but stole the rich Florida Derby before Tim Tam overhauled him in the stretch]."

Jones was half right, anyway. Jewel's Reward was never a threat. But Lincoln Road was—and a major one at that. Superbly ridden by Chris Rogers, Lincoln Road shot to the front at the start and stayed there, first dodging Warren G, then keeping ahead of Gone Fishin' and Ebony Pearl. While Silky was dropping back 27 lengths after one quarter, and 32½ lengths

after the first half mile, Tim Tam was rolling along in eighth place, then in fifth and finally in fourth by the time Lincoln Road had covered a mile. As they began turning for home, Valenzuela got into his mount but good and the chase was on. Tim Tam, with exactly the dogged persistence that marked his sire Tom Fool—and has marked each of his own races this season—gradually wore the leader down, collaring him just about a sixteenth of a mile from the wire and then taking the pot of \$116,400 by a neat half length. Back of Lincoln Road, who really turned in a remarkable race to prove that his near miss in the Florida Derby was by no means a fluke,



SMILING MILO HUGS HIS DERBY ROSS

was Nouredin, that good son of Noor who gave Jewel's Reward such a time of it in the Wood Memorial recently. Nouredin came up from 12th position to finish third, beaten only a length by the first two, and if he hadn't been carried wide around the final turn he might have made it a lot hotter for both of them. As it was, Nouredin finished faster than any horse in the race, and Arcaro remarked later, "He's the sort who might do his best running in The Belmont."

"Well he certainly didn't do his best running today," said Nouredin's Derby jockey, Jimmy Conbest. "He must be a hell of a horse because he acted like he was going to fall down 40 times during the race—and still managed to get third money easily."

While all this excitement was going on up at the front end of the 84th Derby, Silky Sullivan was having a most unhappy time at the other extremity. From his position of 32½

lengths behind Lincoln Road after half a mile, Silky did a little improving, but not much. After three-quarters of a mile, he was trailing by "only" 23 lengths. An enormous roar went up as Shoemaker gave Silky the go sign, and "for a moment," said Willie, "I thought it was going to be like old times. We went by about five horses, but when we got to the quarter pole I knew we weren't going much farther. By the eighth pole he really flattened out and we were through." Silky's all-out run, which has been known to extend a half mile, this time was just about a sixteenth of a mile, and although he cut the leader's margin to 18 lengths with but a quarter of a mile to go, he then behaved in a most un-Silkyish fashion as he actually lost two lengths down the stretch run and wound up soundly beaten by 20 lengths. Clocking by quarters, Silky toured in 27 2/5, 52 2/5, 1:16 2/5, 1:40 2/5, and his final mile-and-a-quarter time was 2:09 2/5—unfortunately a far cry from the winning formula Reggie Cornell had hopefully set his eye on: the first three quarters in 1:12, and the last half in 50.

Jimmy Jones, of course, is about ready to be convinced that he may have another pretty good horse on his hands, and Tim Tam certainly looks like a reasonable bet to become the first Triple Crown colt since Calumet's Citation in 1948. There's the Preakness to come next week, and then The Belmont on June 7, and most of the Derby field will be back to try Tim Tam again.

Contrary to their original announcements that if Silky ran a bad race in the Derby he would be sent back to California, his owners made an about-face late Saturday night and have shipped him to Pimlico for the Preakness. A dejected Reggie Cornell summed up the feelings of many when he said, "This race was too bad to be true. He definitely deserves another chance."

Also back to cheer Tim Tam on Preakness day will be his owner, Mrs. Gene Markey, who, taken ill the morning of Derby Day, stayed home on the Lexington farm to watch the race on television. During her convalescence Mrs. Markey might want to figure out a way to enlarge one of the shelves in her trophy room. The one holding the massive gold Kentucky Derby cups is already filled to capacity. Number seven may have to hang from the ceiling for a while. **END**

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

TRIUMPHS AND TRIBULATIONS

Far from the maddling stadiums and congestions of the big spectator sports, participants on quieter fronts of sport were pursuing goals of their own. The schoolboy miler strained for the tape, and set a record. An amateur

tennis player, pursuing a principle, disguised himself in a black mask to play with the pros—and lost in the first round. A rider and his horse went swimming. Herewith, a representative selection of triumphs and tribulations.



FEATURES CONTORTED. Dyrrol Burleson, 17-year-old Cottage Grove, Ore. miler, seems to have spent the last drop of his energy, but he snags tape to set new schoolboy mark of 4:13.2.

WET, LUGUBRIOUS PURSUIT occupies Dr. Gerhard Roenne, who was leading annual chase of Copenhagen Hunt Club when his mount dumped him into a pond, then lit out for a swim.



DRAMATIZING HIS FIRM BELIEF in open tennis, Mr. Nemess challenges Lew Hoad to guess his identity before Cleveland tournament. Best guess: Florida's Eddie Aike, 39.





ACHIEVING SWITCH. John MacKenzie wears skirt and wife Holly wears pants at Lime Rock, Conn. races, where John's brother Gordon raced a Jaguar in workaday overalls.



GESTURING JUBILANTLY. Mrs. Robert Steiner (left) and Mrs. Ray Morris celebrate never-to-be-forgotten rarity of consecutive holes in one scored on the par 3 15th hole at San Mateo, Calif.

STARING IN SLIGHT AWE. Clayton Henry contemplates the golf ball that he dropped for an pee twice in succession on the 3rd and 4th holes of the Sunset Hills golf course, Chico, Calif.



WHITE WATER MIXED DOUBLES

The melting snows of spring swelled Vermont's West River into a cold, tumbling torrent that lured a rugged breed of sportsman—the canoe slalomist—to Jamaica, Vt. last week for the third annual U.S. National White Water Slalom Championship. The course was set over a wild 600-yard stretch of rapids made more difficult by 16 gates through which the canoeists had to pass. The men—35 of them—had the singles competition to themselves, but a sturdy women's auxiliary of nine turned up, grasped paddles and joined the men in dashing mixed doubles eventually won by Robert and Edith McNair.

Photographed by Hanson T. Carroll

THE COMPLETE PADDLER. Alice Huttenbach, totes her racing gear upriver for the start of her run with Conway King.



VERMONT GOVERNOR Joseph Johnson congratulates Edith McNair of Philadelphia, who with husband Bob won mixed doubles.



SMILE GONE NOW. Alice Huttenbach concentrates on guiding canoe's bow through the rapids while King steadies the stern.



RACE IS A FAMILY AFFAIR for Mrs. Elliot DuBois, who slings affectionate arm around her son Kinny after shooting the rapids.

BOW PADDLER, Pat Love, seems to be plowing into a wall of water here, and that is exactly what she is doing. Pat and her husband Ed were dumped into the river seconds after this picture was taken, floated 50 yards until rescuers pulled them out, chilled but safe.



SUBMERGED ROCKS in the river form nasty standing waves called haystacks by canoeists. Here Fred Sawyer and wife Mary Jane are nearly upset by one such stack. They remained upright, however, and took second place in the national slalom championships.



DOUGHTY McNAIRS appear to be awash, but they survived this stretch of the West River and completed the course in 314 seconds to win the national mixed doubles. The McNairs represented Philadelphia's Buck Ridge Ski Club in their taming of the West.



THE ELIOT OUBDISSES of Boston paddle into less turbulent home stretch of the course in which the slalom gates are set to test their ability to maneuver the craft precisely between openings 48 to 56 inches wide. They were good enough to capture third place.



BOURBON ON WATER: DON JUAN SAILS THE ATLANTIC

When Don Juan de Bourbon y Battenberg, Count of Barcelona, pretender to the throne of Spain, set sail from Portugal, where he maintains a rented residence, for New York on a borrowed yacht, he said: "This is purely a sporting adventure and no political meaning whatsoever should be attached to it." Don Juan, 44, who served and had his forearms tattooed in the British Navy, had on board a most resplendent crew: Rear Admiral Sir Arthur Rattray, retired, of Great Britain; Beltran Alfonso, Duke of Albuquerque, a grandee of Spain; Gonzalo Fernandez, Marquis of Povar; Manuel Brito e Cunha, former Portuguese golf champion; and four professional seamen.

A month after they hauled anchor, the sporting adventurers on the *Solillo*, a 72-foot, 60-ton auxiliary ketch, made Antigua. In Puerto Rico, Don Juan, who has shot in the low 70s, got in a spot of golf. An accomplished sportsman, Don Juan plays a wicked game of tennis, attends hare coursings, race meetings and bullfights to while away his exile.

Despite the apolitical intent of the voyage, things may get quite sticky when Don Juan arrives in New York. His son, Juan Carlos, favored by Generalissimo Franco to assume the throne one day, will probably be in Washington then on a social visit. The Spanish Embassy does not expect that they will meet.

Photographed by Mirela Albers



TIERING OFF at San Juan is Don Juan. Following him is resident pro Rusty Gilbert.



CASTING OFF, Don Juan poses Captain Blüchlike as his deckhands unfurl the sails and throw the safety rail.





JUAN GUIDES "SALTILLO" OUT OF SAN JUAN (BELOW) AS THE CREW ADJUSTS GENOA. GAFF-RIGGED KETCH (ABOVE) GAINS SEA



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Charehill Ups and Downs

THE CROWD at the Kentucky Derby, carefree and slightly awash in bourbon and sentimentality, carries a great responsibility without knowing it. Every year the total sum it bets on the Derby points out the path—either up or down—that the nation's economy is going to follow.

This, at least, is the lightly held theory of some Kentucky businessmen. One of them, a young Louisville investment counselor named Tyrus R. Davis, has published a pamphlet

which shows that the amount of money bet on the Derby, the Dow Jones averages, and the gross national product have risen and fallen together, year after year, from 1920 through 1957. But the Derby bettors are out of step: what they do this year, the charts show, is what the economy will do next year. A sharp drop in the total that was bet in 1928, for example, warned of the 1929 crash. In the rich year of 1957, betting was off by \$265,533, heralding in May the recession that people began to talk about the following January.

Well, what of 1958? Betting totaled \$1,635,520, up \$234,503 from last year and only \$41,658 under the alltime peak year of 1955. The recession, it appears, is on its way out.

Mr. Davis warns that his indicator is not to be taken seriously. Still, he insists, it is every bit as good as some of the investment guides people do use, such as sunspots, humidity or the fluctuating fortunes of soap opera heroines.

Any Further Questions?

SOONER OR LATER, the stubbornest visitor to Rome must learn to do as the Romans do. In the view of at least one exacerbated Southern Californian the same holds true of newcomers to Los Angeles' more-or-less Roman Coliseum.

Big league baseball is now an established part of life in the City of the Angels, but there are those who affect to see in it no relationship with the game as played in the East. "Of course," wrote Columnist Red Smith, "it isn't baseball."

Fed up with such talk from dissen-ters at home and abroad, Editor Loyal D. Hotchkins of the *Los Angeles Times* last week set the record straight. In a signed editorial head-lined THE COLD WAR OF BASEBALL, he ticked off and answered one by one the complaints of those who claim that in baseball, as in Kipling, East is East and West is West and never the twin shall meet.

Complaint: The Coliseum seats too many people.

Answer: Not too many to watch a baseball game, but too many to see it plainly from stands built primarily for football.

Complaint: Too many of its seats are occupied.

continued on page 51



"Those greedy Yankees want the pennant by Mother's Day."



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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Answer: Not for Mr. O'Malley.

Complaint: People in L.A. know nothing about baseball.

Answer: Maybe, but California has provided the raw material for big leagues for 30 years including the DiMaggio brothers, Lefty O'Doul, Wally Berger, the Waner boys, Tony Lazzeri, Lefty Gomez and many, many others, and we think we know a double play from a squeeze bunt and don't have to have it explained to us by Red Smith.

Complaint: The left field fence is degrading the national pastime.

Answer: The left field fence is a problem, but this is a temporary home and all can be solved when a new park is built in Chavez Ravine.

Complaint: Hot dogs cost too much [25¢ for regular, 35¢ for the giant foot-long size] in the Coliseum.

Answer: Everything costs too much today.

Complaint: Walter O'Malley's moving of the Dodgers from Brooklyn to L.A. makes the doings of Benedict Arnold mere peccadilloes in the realm of treason.

Answer: Walter O'Malley is a businessman . . . more intent on making money than character.

Complaint: Duke Snider can't throw the ball out of the Coliseum.

Answer: It's lucky for Duke the Dodgers aren't playing in the Grand Canyon.

Complaint: It is too hot in the afternoons, too cool in the evenings.

Answer: Weather is weather.

Any feeling of insecurity suffered

by the boys from Brooklyn in their new home, concluded Editor Hetchkiss, can be quickly cured by a few base hits. His final word of advice to O'Malley and Co.: "Get out of the second division quickly. Los Angeles is never a hick town when it comes to losers. We aren't used to them."

Meeting at the Bottom

LIKE THE PICTURE OF Dorian Gray, the portrait of James D. Norris which has been exposed to public view over the years is beginning to change in more or less subtle ways and to reveal his true character.

Norris has testified under oath that only his essentially naive nature made it possible for him to encounter Frankie Carbo—mobster, murderer and fight-fixer—from time to time in 20-odd years without being aware that Carbo was the underworld's No. 1 boy in boxing. His meetings with Carbo, he said, were entirely casual, never prearranged.

The fact is that Carbo's influence on the degradation of boxing has been profound precisely because the International Boxing Club (James D. Norris, then president) fertilized it by giving Carbo-controlled fighters preference on IBC's TV shows.

With inspired timing, Norris quit his presidency just as a New York grand jury began to poke expertly into Carbo's power in the IBC. When last heard from Norris was on a yacht off Nassau, well outside the 12-mile limit of the grand jury's subpoena

powers. As he rode at anchor the grand jury developed evidence that Norris had met secretly with Carbo as recently as February 19.

The meeting took place in the home of Hymie (The Mink) Wallman, prominent fight manager who has known Carbo since boyhood. Also present: Billy Brown, No. 1 IBC matchmaker.

Hymie could not remember what happened or what was said. Hauled into court, a judge told him he had better remember. Hymie went back before the grand jury, whose proceedings are secret.

Another reluctant witness was Bernie Glickman, whose fighter, Virgil Akins, won the right to fight Vince Martinez for the welterweight title by scoring an upset knockout over Isaac Logart on the very night that grand jury subpoenas were being distributed among the faithful at Madison Square Garden.

The judge was advised that Carbo had placed a bet on Akins through Glickman, but that Glickman could not recall the circumstances of the wager. The judge was told that Glickman "lent" Carbo \$10,000 in May, 1957 but could remember only that "another manager" gave the money for that purpose. The judge advised Glickman to remember, too, and he went back before the grand jury.

The bell rang at this point, ending the round.

Big Bounce

THE NAVY BLIMP, coming in from a run over the Atlantic, hovered at 1,472 feet over its huge paved landing area at Lakehurst, N.J. Aboard it was a full crew of 14 men. On the ground, 50 people waited tensely, gazing into the dazzling sky. Standing beside a radio jeep, Lieut. Commander Jack Hannigan spoke an order into his transmitter. An object which seemed no bigger than a pinhead dropped from the gondola of the blimp.

It fell, drifting a little on the wind, growing larger, while a visitor counted slowly to 11; then it hit the pavement and bounced. It was a basketball.

The blimp made several more runs over its landing mat and, to laconic Navy reports of "Balls away,"

continued

They Said It

STAN MUSIAL, 37 and leading the major leagues last week with a batting average of .509: "Baseball is a game you can play as long as you still have two things—desire and the ability to concentrate. It's concentration that comes hardest. You have to give the pitcher your undivided attention every second. At the end of every game I'm beat."

ARCHIE MOORE, 41-and-up, after winning a decision over the German heavyweight champion, Wally Besmanoff, 35, last week: "I guess he thought I was an old man." **BESMANOFF:** "For an old man, this Moore hits like the devil."

JACK GOULD, New York Times TV critic on Silky Sullivan's poor derby: "[It] occasioned little surprise among experienced viewers. Television performers from California seldom show to best advantage in a live program."

dropped 12 basketballs altogether. There was a reason for all this: the Naval Reserve training unit was helping out the Seamless Rubber Co., which was conducting a guessing contest and wanted to know how high one of its basketballs would bounce if dropped from the height of the Empire State Building (1,472 feet). The Empire State Building itself was not available for the experiment. Bounce No. 4 was declared to be the official one, and its height was calculated from movies made with an object of known height in the background.

Twelve thousand contestants had already sent in their guesses, which ranged from one inch, from someone who apparently thought the ball would burst, to 736 feet, from a man who explained confidently that a basketball usually bounces half of the height from which it is dropped. One contestant had figured that the ball would bury itself 28 feet deep in the ground. Scientists at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, asked to calculate the bounce in advance with the help of their electronic brains, had replied regretfully that they couldn't. There were too many variables, they said.

Well, Bounce No. 4 was 22 feet 9 inches. The ball missed the spot at which it had been aimed by some 200 yards, but none of the other 11 came close either.

Yellow Flag for Thirst

WE CAN ONLY CONJECTURE how it came about, but it must have been on a fearfully hot spring day and the fellows were sitting around the locker room after 18 arid holes, free-associating.

"Wouldn't it be great, fellows," spoke up the first bright boy, "if a fellow could get a real man's drink out on the links?"

"Oh, boy," assented the second, tinkling the ice in his tall one. "But how?"

"Maybe, fellows," mused the third, an idea shining over his head like a light bulb, "they could fly you out one by helicopter."

"And a beautiful blonde would be up there with the pilot, mixing it while they hovered over the third tee," said the first fellow, with a gone look.



"Stop worrying. I've known him for years and you couldn't wish for a more honest, straightforward guy. If he says he'll take a dive, he'll take a dive."

"And she would be wearing a bikini," murmured the second.

"All you do is wave a yellow flag anywhere on the course," said the third fellow rapturously, "and the copter would flutter down from heaven like an angel in the desert."

Well, we don't know if the bright boys belonged to the Helicopter Airlift company or the Federal Savings

and Rolling Greens will supply the young thing, the bar ingredients and the bikini.

Timesaving Texans

SOMEbody usually turns up every spring with a fistful of notes on how to improve upon the game of baseball.

In Huntsville, Texas the other day the University of Houston and Sam Houston State put some of the latest theories to a test. It all boiled down to a formula for speeding up the old game: two outs made an inning, two strikes were out and three balls drew a walk.

The teams played a double-header and the University of Houston took both ends of it. After it was all over, Lovette Hill, the winning coach, summed up his reactions: "I told my hitters to go up there swinging and I told my pitchers to get that first pitch across at all costs. You saw more boys go up to that plate ready



and Loan Council of Illinois or the Rolling Greens Country Club of Chicago, but on July 26, the date of the Council's annual outing at Rolling Greens, Helicopter Airlift is prepared to get the free-association in the air. The yellow flags may be picked up at the clubhouse on the way out, Helicopter Airlift is standing ready with a copter and pilot for \$85 an hour,

to be hitters than you ever saw before. And pitchers wasted no time fooling around. Personally, I liked the shortened count, but not the two-out inning."

Other findings: the longest half inning required only a little more than four minutes. Both teams had hitters up to the plate and back in 30 seconds. Just about every hitter went for the first pitch because, as Billy Dube, Houston's top slugger, said, "If that first one got by you, you were dead. You didn't dare take a pitch."

Ultimate conclusion by all hands: baseball is better with all the old fussing around, the pitcher's fiddling with the rosin bag, the feigned speck in the batter's eye, the long, slow walk of the relief pitcher from the bullpen (except in places like Kansas City where they are driven to the edge of the infield in convertibles) and the full three-and-two count that is sometimes agonizingly prolonged by foul balls.

What's all the hurry anyway? A man in a hurry has no place in a ball park.

Tennis with Tigerettes

EVEN TEXANS were willing to admit that their attempt to improve baseball at Huntsville was not an unqualified success, but the spirit that made Texas great is equal to any number of imaginative experiments. Some 150 miles away in San Antonio, another group of innovators were at work on tennis.

On the theory that what is good for football is good for any game, athletic officials of San Antonio's Trinity University staged a rip-roaring "tennis appreciation day," complete with all the Cotton Bowl trimmings. A blaring brass band made the welkin ring with spirited booms and com-pahs. Trinity's shapeliest coeds, the Tigerettes, donned striped uniforms tighter than any tiger's to strut in the best drum majorette style before a delighted gallery of some 350 cheering spectators. Special buses ran from the school to the municipal tennis center where the matches were held. Soft drinks were given away free and all students were allowed free euts to attend. Far from observing the traditional etiquette of the country club

game, the gallery was encouraged to urge on their favorites with yells and catcalls and even to boo the opponents' errors.

Oh, yes, somewhere in the midst of it all, more or less ignored by the crowd and somewhat distracted by the prancing of the Tigerettes, some earnest young netmen from Trinity were busily exchanging serves, drives and smashes with their counterparts from Baylor University.

When it was all over, Trinity's tennis team, possibly the best in Texas, had won four matches to two. More important, the experiment to determine whether Tigerettes could make tennis a spectator sport in true Texas fashion was pronounced a marked success.

Secret of Perfect Angling

LONG BEFORE Ike Walton made it official, the angler's art and the philosophical outlook were walking hand in hand. They were still walking thus a few weeks ago when our own favorite angler, Sparse Grey Hackle, sought temporary respite in a glass of soda pop from luckless hours in certain streams feeding the East Branch of the Delaware River. "You'll never know the meaning of true happiness," exclaimed Sparse, burping politely at the force of the vintage pop, "until you learn to give

up fishing. No more sweating in rubber pants. No more casting to sated fish who'll rise only to something you haven't got. No more—"

But the harsh distribe was interrupted by the bland philosopher who dispensed the pop. "Oh, no," he said firmly, "I could never give up fishing. Never, never, never."

"Hmph," said Sparse Grey Hackle.

"Why," continued the philosopher, whose name, by the way, was Virgil, "I've got a bundle of rods here that would break your heart—Leonards, Paynes, all kinds. And a couple of years ago I bought another just because it was so beautiful. Oh dear no, I could never give up fishing."

"Hmmm," said the disillusioned angler, by now somewhat mollified, "whereabouts do you fish in this blasted creek?"

"Well," admitted the philosopher, "actually, I've never fished it. You see, I'm a Neversink man. The Neversink—about 30 miles from here—that's my river."

"That so?" said Sparse. "How often do you fish the Neversink?"

"Well," said the philosopher, "actually I don't. Come to think of it, I haven't been fishing anywhere for more'n 10 years."

And, gazing unperturbed into a dreary vista of endlessly perfect angling, the angling of the mind, the philosopher polished another glass.



Spring

Memory and invention shape spring in the thrasher's throat, guide the shortstop's suppliant hands back of second.

But the yellow butterfly moves by memory alone; it is the procession of children following into the wood who invent.

Warm strokes of rain; the thrasher silent in the brown bottom of the bush;

the shortstop on the dugout bench watching the madd'd tarpaulin rise huge in the wind like a whale.

Tomorrow, traveling player and bird will set up at the old stands, telling their easy rituals.

But the children running on into the last ash-dall of light have borne the butterfly back across the fields, a yellow fragment of today.

—GILBERT ROGIN



LIKE THE CONQUERORS OF EVEREST, FRANCE'S AGILE ROMAIN GARY JUMPS UCLA'S HURDLES "BECAUSE THEY ARE THERE"

HOW TO TOP LIFE'S HURDLES



PHILOSOPHIC GARY

FRANCE'S consul general in Los Angeles, Romain Gary, is a man of many talents but, as the pictures above plainly show, hurdling is not one of them. It is even conceivable that Gary is the worst hurdler that ever topped a timber. "However," he admits, "I like to run around a track and contemplate many things while I do so, and if a hurdle is there I may, if I feel particularly fine—and I usually feel fine when I run—jump it. It adds, you might say, zest to my exercise."

Zest, we might equally say, seems to be the spirit in which this talented and amiable Frenchman faces most of life's hurdles. A wartime hero of France's air force, a veteran of her foreign service, and the prizewinning (Prix Goncourt) author of a novel (*The Roots of Heaven*) now high on

U.S. bestseller lists, Gary entertains the dark suspicion that at 45 he is already on the road to senile decrepitude. For this reason, he sets himself a schedule that could well exhaust a teenager. "It is a good feeling," says Gary, "for old men who have begun to fear failure, any sort of failure, to set a schedule for exercise and stick to it. If an aging man can run a distance of three miles, for instance, he knows that whatever his other failures may be, he is not completely wasted away."

Two or three times a week in the midst of his exacting literary and consular chores, Gary skips lunch to sneak out to the UCLA track and jog happily around it until, as he says, "the three miles are no longer ahead of, but behind me." In foreign assignments over the world during the last decade, France's consul has followed a similar routine along footpaths from Central Park in Manhattan to the forests of Bulgaria.

But running is not the only disci-

pline M. Gary imposes on himself. He also insists on a daily routine of zesty and violent calisthenics, a sample of which may be seen below. "If I know that I will be pressed for time in the morning," says this contemplative man, "I do them at night. If I can't do them at night, I do them in the morning. Friends in whose homes I have been a guest have come home late to find me doing calisthenics in their drawing rooms. It has gained me a reputation for madness."

Consul General Gary also enjoys an occasional bracing swim, and this his friends consider another form of madness. "They tell me it is too cold to swim in January," he exclaims in wonder. But the really important thing in any case, says this thoughtful Frenchman, is not what you do but the fact that you do it. "If you decide you should exercise daily and go ahead and do it, you are keeping a promise to yourself, and that," says France's philosophical Consul Gary, "is good for any man."

CALISTHENICS LIKE THIS ON THE DRAWING ROOM FLOOR HAVE LED MANY A FRIEND TO SUSPECT CONSUL GARY MIGHT BE MAD





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THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN

by ROBERT CREAMER

Baseball's form chart rode off in all directions. The Cubs led in the National League, the White Sox trailed in the American. A fellow named Cerv was outhitting Mickey Mantle

O'MALLEY's Screen is still there, in Los Angeles, and batters are still lofting chip shots over and against it (especially Frank Thomas of the Pittsburgh Pirates, who hit five home runs last week during the Pirates' first visit to the Coliseum), but if you can drag your eyes away from that strange left field for a moment, there are a few other notes from baseball worth your attention.

The 1958 season moved into May, and the situation was very strange. The first were last and the last first, the famous were obscure and names no one knew were in the headlines. Washington and Kansas City, accustomed to fighting for last place, vied instead for second. The St. Louis Cardinals, a strong second choice for the National League pennant if their hero, Stan Musial, could hold up,

watched Musial sustain a .500-plus batting average and slid deeper and deeper into last place as they watched.

The Chicago White Sox and the Boston Red Sox were appraised by Casey Stengel as the strongest challengers to his New York Yankees' hold on the American League championship, and there the two Sox, White and Red, unmatching but side by side, were at the bottom of the American League race, as far away from the Yankees as they could get. In the National League the world champion Milwaukee Braves had started well, and then, possibly embarrassed by the second-division clubs keeping them company in the first division, stumbled politely and fell back. Up on top were the Giants, the Pirates and, of all people, the Chicago Cubs. Way down, barely above

the Cardinals, were the Los Angeles Dodgers, the club of right-handed hitters, unable to take advantage of their screen, patently designed to help a right-handed-hitting ball club.

Earlier reports from Southern California insisted that the Screen Writers' Guild had had nothing whatever to do with the Saga of Left Field, which was strictly a Metro-Dodger-O'Malley production, but it was 1-10, out and out, as the horse-race people say, that Hollywood writers had more than a little to do with the major league script in the other towns around the leagues. How else to explain the bizarre twists that baseball's early-season story line had taken? This was straight Hollywood. You could almost hear the story conferences:

"Let's do things in the American League a little different this year, Freddie. Lay off that Mantle-Williams bit. It's been done to death. Dig up a new face."

The new face was dug up: a broad, big-chinned face belonging to Robert Henry Cerv, a 32-year-old outfielder

continued

GLIMMER HERO ROGERS HORNSBY PRAISES SLUGGER LEE WALLS



PIRATES' BLACKBURN AND THOMAS: THEY BEAT THE DOOGERS



with—who? Kansas City? Wonderful! The old rags-to-riches routine! Cerv's qualifications were ideal. Between trips to the minors he had spent six years as a part-time bench warmer with the New York Yankees, watching Mickey Mantle rise to stardom. Then he was traded off to the Kansas City Athletics, strictly a nothing. But give a smart screen writer his head and you come up with Cerv The Home Run Hitter, kicking Kansas City off to a flamboyant start with wallop after wallop into the distant outfield seats.



WHITE SOX' WILSON WASN'T ENOUGH

When the Kansas Cityers went into Yankee Stadium for their first series of the season against the Yankees they were in second place, the New Yorkers' closest challengers. And there, on the scoreboard atop the outfield wall, a few yards southeast of Mickey Mantle's center-field stomping grounds, there, under the label League Leaders, was Bob Cerv's name: first in home runs, first in runs batted in. And there was Mantle, batting a feeble .279. Oh, just perfect. Naturally, on his very first time at bat in Yankee Stadium, Cerv hit a large home run, high and far to left field.

There were other story conferences: "Let's pass up the National League a little. What about those Chicago Cubs? Last place? Rewrite the script. Put them first. Never mind Milwaukee. I know all about Milwaukee. Let's have Milwaukee in first place

and then the Cubs beat them three straight times to take the league lead. Who's going too far? Use your imagination, Freddie. You got to do these things right. Now, let's see. Milwaukee has this big lead in this one game and then the Cubs score six runs in a dramatic seventh-inning rally to tie the score. And then they win it with a home run in the last of the ninth. You don't like that, Freddie? So quit. Go ahead. This is the way I'm writing it. Now, we need a star, a sensation, a big home run hitter, leading the league. Ernie Banks? No, he's been done before. Here, Walls. Lee



STAR BILLY PIERCE HAD TO RELIEVE

Walls. I don't care how many he hit all last year. Six? Is that all? Great! He'll be sensational. Have him hit nine in the first two, three weeks of the season. Now get this script in shape and send it off to Chicago."

Perhaps not even Hollywood would buy it, but there it was. The Chicago Cubs, imprecise apples of Phil Wrigley's precision-loving eye, did beat the Milwaukee Braves three straight times to take the league lead, did score six runs in a dramatic seventh-inning rally to tie the score, did win on a home run in the last of the ninth. And Lee Walls (responding perfectly on cue) did hit nine home runs in the first two or three weeks of the season. The Cubs were out on top of the National League, looking for the moment like a solid ball team, with strong pitchers and powerful hitters and fine-looking rookies.

And there, on the South Side of Chicago, were the White Sox, wondering what had happened, wondering why they were last. The world was upside down.

For all its crazy, mixed-up personality, the National League race was both amusing and exciting. It's always fun to have the lightly regarded clubs set the early pace. Even if the big bellows come on later to set things straight, everyone has had some fun for at least a little while.

But the American League situation, mixed up too, was a tragedy of sorts. For ahead of everything, depressingly so, were the Yankees, and no one was seriously challenging them. There was little excitement in the American League, and crowds were, for the most part, small. To pessimists the American League race had been decided in the first dozen games.

The White Sox crept eastward, bewildered. They had lost eight of their first 11 games. They met the Orioles in Baltimore and lost again, 3-2. The next night they were winning behind Jim Wilson, one of their important starting pitchers, when the weak-hitting Orioles mounted a small late-inning rally. Al Lopez, the desperate White Sox manager, did not hesitate. He called in his best pitcher, Billy Pierce, to relieve Wilson. Pierce allowed one run but then he held on and the White Sox squeaked through. It was their second victory in 12 days. Next night in Washington they lost again.

What had happened to the White Sox? "They aren't getting pitching," said Bobby Bragan of the Cleveland Indians, "and they need it. They aren't going to score much."

Lopez disagreed on both counts. "Our pitching has been all right," he said. "We haven't been hitting. That's all. We'll be all right. We'll start to score run."

Statistical research failed to support Lopez' argument. Certainly the White Sox, with a team batting average of .217, were not hitting. But dramatic evidence of the failure of the Chicago pitching is shown by comparing the White Sox with the New York Yankees. No one has been criticizing New York's batting too much, though the Yankee sluggers had certainly not been clouting the ball with their usual authority (Mickey Mantle was well below .300 and Yogi Berra below .200). After all, the Yankees had won 10 games and lost only four and were in first place with

a convincing lead, whereas the White Sox had won only four and lost 10 and were dead last. But if the Yankee batters had been playing behind the White Sox pitching game for game, the Yankee team record would have sagged to four wins and nine losses (one game would have been tied). And, conversely, if the weak Chicago batters had had the tight Yankee pitching, the White Sox record would be 10 and 4 instead of 4 and 10!

No doubt about it. The White Sox pitching, supposedly the central cord of strength in this imbalanced team, was sagging. Someone pointed out to



MANAGER LOPEZ NEEDED THE VICTORY

Jack Tighe, the Detroit Tiger manager, that Chicago pitchers like Dick Donovan and Pierce and Early Wynn had been losing heartbreakers, pitching well for six and seven innings only to lose out by a run in the eighth or ninth. Tighe was unimpressed. "I thought pitching like that was supposed to hold up in the eighth and ninth innings," he said.

The White Sox, highly regarded by many people before the season began, look now like a twin of the Baltimore Orioles. Neither team can hit. Both have fine defense. Both have, or fondly hope to have, excellent pitching. The White Sox have the more impressive name pitchers, but Baltimore seems a bit steadier through its entire staff. The two teams appear surprisingly even. This may come as a blow to White Sox fans, who know

continued



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BASEBALL continued

that they finished second last year, while the Orioles finished fifth.

Just above the White Sox at the bottom of the league were the Red Sox, proud owners of Ted Williams and a great spring training record. Once spring training was out of the way, the Red Sox lost seven of their first eight regular season games and nine of their first 12, including five defeats at the hands of the supposedly undistinguished Washington Senators, who finished last in 1957. This was more or less inexplicable, save for



FIERY MARTIN SPARKED THE TIGERS

the old saw: "We just ain't hitting." This, of course, was true. The Red Sox scored only 15 runs in their first seven games. Then, when they started to hit a little, their pitching went sour; over the next eight games Red Sox pitchers gave up 6 1/2 runs a game. Even a Ted Williams in full stride couldn't overcome that handicap, and Williams, batting under .300, was well short of full stride.

As for the Senators, nine of their first 13 games were decided by either one or two runs, and the Senators won seven of these close ones. Why? Good fortune, clutch hitting and some fine relief pitching. Good enough and clutch enough and fine enough to keep the Senators up ahead of Cleveland and Detroit, the two remaining pretenders to the Yankees' crown, who were milling about in the waist of the standings, neither falling badly like

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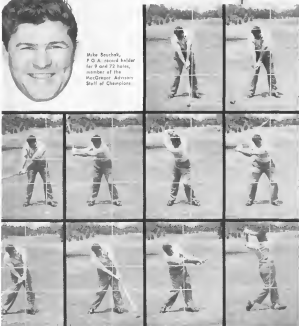


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BASEBALL continued

was last year. In 1957 Harvey Kuenn was the shortstop, and beyond him was nothing of major league quality. In 1958 Harvey Kuenn is the center fielder and Billy Martin is the shortstop. When Martin pulled a muscle in the back of his thigh and was forced to the bench, Manager Jack Tighe turned to Milt Bolling, who has been playing major league shortstop here and there since 1932. When Bolling then fell sick, Tighe reached a little further and tapped Reno Bertoia for shortstop, and Bertoia came through against the Yankees, no less, with a sparkling performance. And Kuenn was still behind him, in center field.

Martin and Kuenn, between them, have made the Tigers a much smarter-looking ball club. "Martin means a lot to us," said Tighe. "He's so alive. He's so much more than just another ballplayer. He's always doing things out there, aggressive things. He lifts the club up."

A listener asked if this were really so, that hardened professionals could be sparked to superior performances by a fiery personality like Martin's. Tighe nodded seriously. "Yes, they can," he insisted. "Especially if they've never had it before."

Mechanically, Martin is still a little crude at shortstop, not yet the thoroughly knowledgeable fielder he was at second. But each day, Tighe says, he learns more about his job. "He gets rid of the ball faster now; he knows that it's a long throw."

Kuenn, who moved to center field after five full seasons as an infielder, has been remarkable. "Actually," Tighe said, "he's a more natural



YANKEE THIRD BASEMAN CAREY HURLST

center fielder than Martin is a short-stop. He just seems to know what to do. He's made some wonderful plays out there. And he's hitting. That's the big thing," Tighe grinned.

The Tigers have been hitting well as a team, too, leading the American League in averages. But power, the home run, has been lacking. In one stretch they hit one home run in 10 games. That rate, extended through 154 games, would give the Tigers all of 15 homers for the season. Tighe was hoping the drought would break, so the run at the Yankees could begin.

SAME OLD SCRIPT

But the New York won-and-lost record and the New York lead was ominous. The Yankees were fifth in scoring runs; they had been winning games on their splendid pitching and their eye-opening defensive play (in paradoxical proof of this, two of their four early-season defeats were traceable to damaging late-inning errors). The Yankees were still the class. When Bob Cerv and Kansas City came in to New York in second place, one inning showed the difference. Three squibby little infield taps loaded the bases for the Yankees as the Athletics demonstrated how not to play the infield. Then Berra, his .192 average notwithstanding, reached out and poked a two-run single to center. Bill Skowron followed with a single to left, and before they had made one out in the ball game, the Yankees had all the runs they needed to win.

Hollywood had produced a perfect script for baseball's opening scenes, but the Yankees, used to the starring roles, were lens-hogging again. **END**



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The outdoor track season heads for its climax in a dual meet between the U.S. and Russia in Moscow this July, but many records will be shattered before these giants collide

THE lean, short-haired youngster was still breathing deeply, but he had recovered very quickly. Although he had just set an American collegiate record in the two-mile run, he was not happy about it.

"It was a little cold," he said. "I had trouble warming up. I wanted to run 8 minutes 45 seconds."

He did run an 8:51.8, well under the 8:55 record set by Southern California's Max Truex in 1957.

"It's a case of mind over body," said Alex Henderson. "My body is

capable of a world record in the two-mile [8:33.4]. I hope my mind is."

Henderson set his two-mile record at the Drake Relays in Des Moines, the last of three big outdoor meets which usher spring into the midlands of the U.S. At the other two—the Texas Relays and the Kansas Relays—other notable performances gave promise of a great outdoor season. The University of Texas mile relay team, anchored by Eddie Southern, a junior who may be the finest runner of his generation, broke the intercollegiate record (3:09.1); the University of California and Oklahoma University sprint medley relay teams, each anchored by great half-milers who double in the mile, took turns breaking the record in their event.

As the season turned into May and headed for its annual climax in the NCAA and AAU championships in California in June, it became increasingly apparent that the United States will field a stronger track team in the dual meet with Russia at Moscow in late July than the strong team which represented this country in the 1956 Olympics at Melbourne. Between now and June there are, of course, other meets of national importance in which new stars may crop up (see box page 47).

As usual in this country, the sprint field is crowded with exceptional talent. Duke's Dave Sims, who has given up baseball for good to concentrate on his medical studies and on track, beat Olympic Champion Bobby Morrow in a wind-lashed 100 at, of all obscure places, Bag Spring, Texas; Morrow, handicapped by a pulled groin muscle, has not yet reached peak condition. Bill Wood-

house, a stocky, bespectacled Iowan who starts with the instant acceleration of a jet-assisted rabbit, is a bare half step behind Sims and has beaten Teammate Morrow consistently this year. Dee Givens of Oklahoma, a good sprinter who will get faster as the summer ages, is the prototype of several hopefuls who could upset the favorites. Eddie Southern has run 9.4 in the 100 and 20.6 in the 220 already and he might win either of these events, in addition to the 440-yard dash.

The development of Southern is probably the most remarkable aspect of the early outdoor season. It began with a 46.2 quarter in Fort Worth in middle March, but probably the turning point in Southern's career came at the Texas Relays in Austin. Running the anchor leg on the Texas mile relay team, Southern had a comfortable edge over an old nemesis of his, Ohio State's Glenn Davis, who beat him consistently in the 400-meter hurdles in 1956. Davis, who will probably be one of Southern's strongest rivals in the 440, set a blistering pace in the first 220 yards of his anchor leg, but he gained nothing on Southern. In the last 220, Southern pulled away easily, running his lap in 45.8 seconds, which is one-half second under the world's standing start record. More important, he gained a strong measure of confidence; since that race, he has improved steadily, running a 44.6 quarter in Texas' 3:09.1 record-setting mile relay, which is faster than anyone has ever run a quarter mile since the invention of the stop watch. Last week Southern set a new collegiate record with a 46.1 in Austin.

continued

Photographs by John G. Zimmerman

OLYMPIC QUARTER includes Glenn Davis (Ohio), Don Bowden (Calif.), Ed Southern (Texas), Bobby Morrow (ACC).







LITTLE, SPRING-CROOKED Ernie Shelby, who is consistently over 26 feet in the broad jump, is threatening Jesse Owens' world mark.

In the half mile, Don Bowden of the University of California and Ron Delany, Villanova's brilliant Irish miler, may have unexpectedly strong competition from rapidly improving Norm Lloyd of Stanford. Since both Bowden and Delany are primarily milers, Lloyd, should he continue to improve, may be the best bet in the half for both the NCAA and AAU meets. Tom Murphy, the powerful Manhattan runner, Dave Scurlock of North Carolina and a pair of USC stars, Wayne Lemons and Tom Anderson, are strong dark horses. Tom Courtney, who has been catching up on his studies at Harvard Business School, and Arnie Sowell, now in service, may have time to reach peak condition by late June. Sowell and Courtney dined magnificently last year.

The mile boils down to Bowden and Delany, the only two sub-four-minute performers now running in this country. Delany, tuning up for the outdoor season with a long string of victories indoors, set a world indoor record at Chicago. The race between Bowden and Delany matches a runner and a racer; Bowden runs with a stop watch in his hand while Delany runs to beat the competition.

"Delany has a better kick and he can rely on it more than I can," Bowden says. "It's easier for me to set a fast pace, then finish as strong as I can. I'm sure to get beat in a slow race. I have to try to do what Landy and Elliott do—set a fast enough pace to take the kick out of the opposition."

In common with most distance runners, Bowden is fascinated with the mental aspects of running.

"It's a problem of prorating yourself over a distance," he says. "When you're running all out—say a 1:50 half or a 3:58 mile—your body mechanism tells you you're tired just when you have to run fastest. That's when your psychological preparation takes over. I guess the physical preparation is pretty much the same for all distance runners now. It's pretty cut and dried. I'm excited to start with, so with me it's a matter of containing myself. Most important to me is my religion. It has had a profound effect on how I prepare myself. God has given me this gift of running, and I use prayer to attain a peace of mind. It's not a crutch or an aid, but it is a calming influence, and I need that before I run."

While it seems likely that Bowden and Delany will make the national mile championships a personal duel, there are other milers who could improve enough to challenge them. Alex Henderson, the Australian import mentioned above, has run a 4:04.5 mile, and Lloyd of Stanford has done 4:06. Gail Hodgson, a South African who runs for Oklahoma, has run 4:08.2 and less than that on mile legs for the Oklahoma distance medley relay team.

Henderson and Max Truex, the tiny USC runner, appear to be yards ahead of the rest of the field in the two-mile. Deacon Jones of Iowa is their closest rival on the basis of recent performances, but both Henderson and Truex have easily beaten the existing intercollegiate record of 8:55 set last year by Truex. The little Californian was set back in his training by a severe case of carbon monoxide poisoning, suffered as he followed a motorcycle escort through

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MAY 16	Coliseum Relays, Los Angeles
MAY 15	AAU Marathon, Yonkers, N. Y.
MAY 30-31	ICAA Championships, Villanova, Pa. California Relays, Modesto, Calif.
JUNE 5-7	NABA Championships, San Diego, Calif.
JUNE 10-14	NCAA Championships, Berkeley, Calif.
JUNE 20-21	National AAU Championships, Bakersfield, Calif.
JULY 4-5	U.S. Decathlon, Palmyra, N. A.
JULY 27-28	United States Russia, Moscow, U.S.S.R.



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FASTER, EVER FASTER continued

the streets of São Paulo during a four-mile race early this year. He has since recovered from that illness and only recently finished an 8:54.8 two-mile with considerable running left. He and Henderson share an indefatigable appetite for hard work, as, indeed, all good distance runners must. Henderson, before setting his intercollegiate record at Des Moines, hobbled on a sore ankle, then tested it with an eight-mile jaunt on the Wednesday before his record-setting race of Friday. He works out twice a day—at 6 a.m. and 7 p.m.—and logs from 15 to 17 miles per practice day.

Keith Gardner of Nebraska, a Jamaican, is a strong contender in the 120-yard high hurdles and is an excellent quarter-miler, too. He faces tremendous competition in both his events, though; Southern, of course, is an overwhelming favorite in the quarter, and the high hurdle field includes several sub-14-second performers in Hayes Jones of Eastern Michigan, Glenn Davis of Ohio State, Ellis Gilbert of Winston-Salem and Chuck Cobb of Stanford.

DISCUS DUEL

In the field events, a titanic duel is shaping up between a pair of discus throwers who have both been over 200 feet this year. Rink Babka of USC threw the discus into a ditch on his effort; Al Oerter of Kansas sailed the discus 202 feet 6 inches only to find that the field upon which he performed slanted too much. Neither throw can be recognized for record purposes, although each is well over the world record of 194 feet 6 inches. Both Oerter and Babka are nearly sure bets to break the world record this year. Oerter and Dave Davis of USC top the college shotput field; Bill Neider and Dave Owen are the AAU favorites.

In the javelin throw, John Fromm, the husky NCAA champion from Pacific Lutheran, is far ahead of his competition. Fromm, whose throws are made, oddly enough, almost entirely from arm motion, hit 252 feet 10 1/2 inches at the Texas Relays, to break his own intercollegiate record of 248 feet 1. A back injury kept him out of the Drake Relays, won by Texas' Bruce Parker, who has been over 230 feet this year. Buster Quist of New Mexico, Dick Hollis and Jon Jamison

continued



AUSSIE ACE Alex Henderson sets pace in two-mile run in which he broke record.



JAMAICAN Keith Gardner runs for Nebraska in the hurdles and 440-yard dash.



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FASTER, EVER FASTER *continued*

of Occidental and UCLA's Rafer Johnson are all around the 250-foot mark. Dr. Steve Seymour and Bud Held beef up the AAU field, although neither is eligible for college competition.

One of the oldest records in the book may fall this season with Kansas' Ernie Shelby and Indiana's Greg Bell shooting at the 26-foot 8 1/4-inch broad jump record established by Jesse Owens in 1935. Both Shelby and Bell have been over 26 feet in their careers, and Shelby, at the Texas Relays, put together a great series of jumps. In seven efforts, he was over 26 feet six times, winning at 26 feet 3 1/2. On one attempt he made 26 feet 9, stepping over the edge of the board an eighth of an inch to invalidate the mark.

FLYING SWEDS

Don Stewart of SMU, who tied for the NCAA high jump championship last year, has had trouble beating Teammate Bertil Holmgren this season. Holmgren, a tall, lean Swedish import, has cleared 6 feet 9 1/2; neither he nor Stewart has approached this year's 6-foot-11 1/2 mark of USC Olympic Champion Charlie Dumas. Dumas, Phil Reavis of Villanova and the SMU pair are the class of the high jump field.

Bob Gutowski of Occidental, who holds the world record in the pole vault, has competition from another foreign student in UCLA's George Roubanis, a Greek student who is the first non-American ever to clear 15 feet.

The strong infiltration of foreign students on American college track teams points up a growing tendency which has worried a few coaches. More and more colleges are scouting farther and farther afield for talent: this season, for example, Henderson, Lloyd, Delany, Hodgson, Holmgren, Roubanis, Gardner, Jack Smyth of Houston and Ramon Sandoval of Lamar Tech, to name the strongest contenders, all hail from foreign lands. It is due partly to a student exchange program, but some of it is simply out-and-out recruiting for better track teams. One college even went so far as to advertise in a London paper for track talent; they got a good runner and a \$1,000 fine.

But the richest hunting grounds for American college teams are still in the United States.

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Charge of the Stick Brigade

Photographed by RICHARD MEEK



Lacrosse, fast spreading through the East and Midwest as a spring activity to balance athletic schedules, approaches its climax with a key match next Saturday between Johns Hopkins and the University of Maryland, two leading powers. In the game shown above, Hopkins,

undefeated last season, stopped a 31-game Maryland winning streak. Hopkins' Carl Muly (77) and John McNealey (76) start to clear the ball after Maryland shot at the goal. Maryland's All-American Ernie Betz (68) and Dick Britt (80) will ride Muly after he catches the ball.



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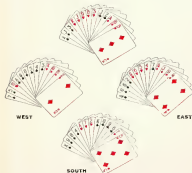
CHARLES GOREN / Cards

He tipped his mitt

THE PURPOSE of a psychic bid is to steal something belonging to the enemy by issuing a form of propaganda that will create a false impression in his mind. But the practical advantages of bluff bidding seem to this department to have been grossly exaggerated. All too often, the psychic defeats its own purpose by giving the opponents information which they could obtain in no other way. In the current offering, for example, it is easy to follow the parabola of this psychic boomering.

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1♣	PASS	PASS	DOUBLE
2♥	2 NO TRUMP	PASS	3 NO TRUMP
PASS	PASS	DOUBLE	REDOUBLE
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: club 5

In opening the bidding with one heart, no doubt it was West's purpose to divert the enemy's attention from the suit in which he considered they had their best chance for game. Later, having convinced himself that this Machiavellian scheme had succeeded, West set out to capitalize on it further by doubling the final contract of

three no trump. His enterprise was based on the expectation of bringing in the club suit with the loss of only one trick. Had he anticipated North's redouble, West might have been less eager to increase the stakes.

The double removed whatever slim chance there was of West's psychic bid fooling the enemy. When the 5 of clubs was opened and dummy appeared, the trickery of West's opening bid was completely revealed. If West had made no bids at all, declarer might have followed the conventional manner of playing the hearts, finessing up to dummy. However, East's raise of hearts made it clear that East—not West—had the remains of the heart suit. This rendered declarer's prospects of bringing home the entire suit extremely lean, but he had no choice except to hope that West's singleton was the 10 spot.

So declarer played dummy's jack of clubs on trick one. When it held, he was in strategic position to start development of the heart suit in the only manner which could succeed. He led dummy's jack of hearts and played low when East ducked. Life took on a golden hue when West contributed the 10. On another heart lead, South was able to win with the 7. He cashed the ace and, with the heart suit now taken care of, he prepared the ground for another coup, leading a spade to dummy's jack.

East won with the queen but couldn't return a club. Dummy won the diamond return with the ace. The ace of hearts dropped East's queen, the last heart was cashed and then the ace of spades. By this time, the distribution was clear. On the next spade lead, South finessed the 9 and his king brought home the redoubled contract with an overtrick.

Declarer's analysis proved entirely sound. Because of West's opening bid of one heart, it was reasonable to suppose that the bulk of the outstanding hearts would be found in East's hand. The remote chance that West would show up with the lone queen of hearts had to be risked, for if South's conclusion was correct, a first-round finesse was mandatory. Actually West's psychic bid, instead of confusing the issue, had clarified it for South and had, in reality, "tipped his mitt."

EXTRA TRICK

The effect of a penalty double is to increase the stakes of a particular hand, but the person doubled may receive in return sufficient information to fully compensate. Therefore, before you double, consider whether you have more to lose than to gain.

The links of 37 nations

A lesson in high-speed diplomacy was taught last week when representatives of almost two score of the world's golfing countries formed a new international organization

THE PLACARDS that rimmed a long, green conference table in Washington last week carried legends that read: Pierre Abbeloos, Belgium; Dr. Eduardo Magliano, Argentina; Douglas Whyte, New Zealand; Chen Yih, China; Henry H. Turcan, Great Britain; and so on. Thirty-seven in all, including the United States. But this was not the usual moody conclave of somber-faced diplomats, currently such a common sight in the nation's harried capital. The table was in the pastel-curtained Carihar Room of the Sheraton Park Hotel and the delegates were decked out in delighted smiles and emblazoned blazers. They had gathered to establish a World Amateur Golf Council and make final arrangements for the first world amateur championship, to be held at St. Andrews, Scotland next October 8 to 11. Last week it was perhaps the most congenial and suc-

cessful conference being held anywhere in the world.

Working with agreeable swiftness, the delegates named a nine-man administrative council, headed by John D. Ames, president of the USGA, and Great Britain's Turcan, and ratified a format for the world tournament. It will be a four-day, 72-hole, medal-play, team affair. Each country entering (and there should be well over 30 of them by autumn) will send a squad of four golfers to compete. The scoring system is unique; all four golfers on each team will play daily, but only the team's three best rounds each day will count toward the final score. At the end of four days these daily aggregates will be added together and the country with the lowest total will have won the championship and the Eisenhower Trophy that goes with it. The championship will be held every other year, rotating among

the European-African, American and Australasian geographic zones.

Incredibly, the first move to found this all-inclusive event was made only last January at the USGA's annual meeting in Chicago. It was strongly felt that the time was eminently ripe for such a plan, and golf's two ruling bodies, the USGA and the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of Scotland, met behind closed doors last March (SI, April 7), emerging with a very workable scheme. Invitations were then fired off to the golf organizations of 49 countries, suggesting that they send representatives to a constitutional convention in Washington. That delegates from 37 nations, on such short notice, scampered into town last week is a powerful indication of just how ripe the time was.

At noon on the first day of meetings, Friday, May 2, the conferees arose from the long, green table, scrambled into their blazers and trooped over to the Rose Garden at the White House to meet the world's most famous golfer, a 16-handicap player named Dwight D. Eisenhower. While the flag on the pins in his

GATHERED ON THE WHITE HOUSE LAWN, President Eisenhower and John D. Ames (just to the President's right), USGA president and co-chairman of the newly formed administrative body of the World Amateur Golf Council, share some good-humored

moments with conference delegates and members of the press. Eisenhower delighted his international audience with the suggestion that they try to work out a plan whereby golfing duffers can compete in next October's world amateur championship.



private putting green nearby flapped gently, the President of the United States praised the large measure of international good will that would surely spring from this imaginative competition, then quietly dropped a mischievous bombshell into the well-pressed laps of the delegation.

"I suggest, that aside from the four hot-shot golfers that you bring with you," said President Eisenhower, "that you take along some high handicap fellows and let them play at their full handicaps. This way you never have to take back the same man, and besides golf doesn't become so important.

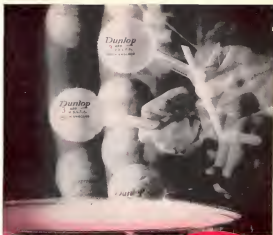
"You see," Eisenhower continued, "after a match the scratch fellow remembers one thing . . . and tells all his friends for the rest of his life that he could have won that international match if he hadn't hit the ball into the water on the 16th. But the high handicappers, they know darn well there's no use telling their families or their friends about their golf, so they will tell more about St. Andrews, and about the wonderful Scot people, and everybody they met there."

It was a refreshing idea, not only to the duffers at whom he directed his remarks, but no doubt to duffers all over the world.

Though nothing official came of Eisenhower's suggestion when the conference reconvened, it seems that there will be a few relative duffers on hand as a matter of necessity. China's Chen Yib, a 4-handicap golfer, voiced the position of many delegates when he said: "Golf is a new game to us, so we won't be bringing a very good team to Scotland. Duffers like me will go, but we'll enjoy the game and the scenery."

After the final meeting had been adjourned, a dozen delegates rushed off into the wet, muggy afternoon to get in a quick round of golf before dark, and others remained behind to chat enthusiastically about what they had just accomplished. In two short days the representatives of countries harboring some 15 million golfers and 10,000 golf courses had set in motion a world organization. Dr. Maglione, the Argentine, clad natively in a green-gray suit and a dark tie adorned with crossed golf clubs, sipped a very dry Martini and concluded:

"Of all human beings, golfers usually arrive at a decision with the most difficulty . . . but look at what all of us confused golfers have done." **END**



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THE ladies' golf tour, a compact group of 24 as compared to the vast carnival of 160 performers that elbows its way boisterously around the men's circuit, has just struggled through the most snappish, ill-tempered winter to plague the South in 20 years. But despite the fractious elements and the need of a truly colorful performer to replace the late Babe Zaharias as a gate attraction, the Ladies PGA continues to flourish and attract more and more interest wherever it plays.

While the men sliced up a prize-money melon that approached \$1 million last year, the ladies had to be content with only \$154,000.

Off course, the more fortunate of the girls draw down retainers up to \$3,000 a year from sporting goods houses, and the really big names like Patty Berg, Louise Suggs, Beverly Hanson and Marilynn Smith are worth salaries that approach \$20,000 a year. But this is earned income in every sense of the word, requiring a rugged program of personal appearances and up to 100 clinics annually.

What makes it so rewarding to watch the women in competition, especially for the average golfer, is that their form is considerably more orthodox than that of the men. The ladies do not possess great strength of forearm or hand and therefore rely

Billy Casper—golf's

TV star of the year

EARLY this spring, when the All-Star Golf TV show went off the air until next fall, the indoor season's most dynamic performer proved to be Billy Casper, the relaxed and portly Californian. Of the 26 matches televised each Saturday afternoon before



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LPGA'S SMITH SEES A BRIGHT FUTURE

extensively on body swing and hip action to put distance into their shots. All their movements are geared to a slower tempo, making it easier for the duffer to analyze their style. Actually, a few long hitters, like Willie Smith, Mickey Wright and Betty Dodd, can average a good 235 yards off the tee, but most get out no farther than 215 yards with their drives and must rely chiefly on their putting and short games which are every bit as good as the men's.

The ladies' tour may still be looking for another Babe to beef up the galleries, but Marilyn Smith, LPGA president, is optimistic about the future: "The crowds have been good, we're looking for over \$200,000 in prize money next year and the golf is getting better all the time," she says. "In my book, that's progress."

an average audience of 15 million, Casper won the final six (at \$2,000 apiece—the loser takes home \$1,000) plus \$500 for an eagle for a total of \$12,500. The fact that Casper fetched another \$10,000 during the nationally televised Crosby, Masters and Las Vegas tournaments surely merits him an Emmy award of some kind. Lloyd Mangrum was next in All-Star Golf

continued



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FAIRWAYS continued

earnings with \$7,500, Roberto De Vincenzo and Jackie Burke won \$5,500 apiece, while Ed Furgal, Gene Littler and Stan Leonard each won \$5,000. In all, the show's producers paid out \$81,500 to some two dozen of the country's best golfers.

At the relatively tender golfing age of 26, Billy has a perpetually cheerful and unruffled temperament that gave him a decided advantage in these televised matches, which were filmed months before they appeared on the air. In some of the early rounds, with six cumbersome cameras to be relocated after each shot, it often took a staggering eight or nine hours to complete 18 holes, and seldom took less than five—quite a formidable mental hazard for the less phlegmatic pros. But Casper sailed right along, beating Tommy Bolt, Billy Maxwell, Jay Hebert, Bob Toski, Cary Middlecoff and Paul Harney. Next October 11 at 5 p.m., though the match has already been filmed in Florida, viewers will see whether or not Casper can keep his streak intact against three-time British Open Champion Peter Thomson.

Some golfers have complained that the waiting time during matches is intolerable, and some tournament sponsors are grieved that the shooting schedules have taken top names out of their events. But no doubt these difficulties will be overcome in time.

—BARRY BURN

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DOUG FORD	14,064
DOV FENSTERWALD	13,477
TOMMY BOLT	12,169
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Tip from the Top

HAROLD SARGENT, East Lake Country Club, Atlanta

Controlling the right hand

MANY GOLFERS, in learning to play, were taught to hit the ball with the left hand and let the right hand go along for the ride. In the last few years we have heard the conflicting instruction to hit the stuffings out of the ball with the right hand.

Actually, there is a danger in both. It is impossible to hit the ball with only the left hand, and in an attempt to do so the player will only impede his natural power. It is true also that the right hand—and, I would add, the right side of the body—can be correctly used only when the swing has been properly set up so that it can play its part in proper balance with the left.

Assuming the player has reached the top of the backswing correctly, the first movement is the turning of the left hip back toward the line of flight, and the weight is moved toward the left foot. This movement will pull the hands down to a waist-high position, with the club dropped on the inside. If this movement has been made correctly, the right elbow will be riding to the right hip, and the wrists will still be fully cocked. The right arm then begins to straighten and continues to straighten as the ball is struck. As the right arm is straightening, the wrist will release its tension, or "cock," and the right side of the body will turn toward the line of flight.



NEXT WEEK: Harvey Penick on proper use of all clubs



ARNOLD PALMER TALKS ABOUT GOLF BALLS

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Arnold Palmer's impressive win of this year's Masters Tournament at Augusta consolidates his position as one of America's top golfers. Palmer is a member of the famed Wilson Advisory Staff.



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BONNIE PRUDDEN / *Fitness*

Ballet on a sawhorse

41

Familiar device makes a balance board for some backyard stunts

This week Bonnie begins a series of exercises on the sawhorse, one of the simplest and most easily available pieces of apparatus. This one is five feet long, with a crossbeam 4½ inches wide. Horses can be stacked in the garage when not in use and can be utilized singly or in groups to form a fence or parallel bars. If the weather is favorable, do the exercises outside. Later Bonnie will suggest exercises that can be done with other simple backyard equipment.



This helps your balance and makes your seat firm. Standing on your left leg, tighten seat muscles and bring your right leg up as high as you can.



Swing right leg back and hold the position for two seconds. Then swing right foot forward, step on it and repeat the exercise with the other leg.

The Doberman pinscher: darling . . . or devil?



PICTURED ABOVE is a Doberman pinscher in two of the moods which have earned him a reputation as one of the most controversial breeds in America. To some people, he is an elegant, well-mannered companion of children and a faithful defender of the home. To others, he is an evil-tempered, snarling monster, eager and ready to attack anyone and anything.

There are dozens of authenticated stories to support both attitudes.

► In Dallas last month a father fought off a 75-pound Doberman which viciously attacked and mangled his 5-year-old daughter.

► In Michigan a Doberman found a 3-year-old child lost two days in a

forest. The dog sat next to the child and patiently signaled their location to rescuers.

► In New Jersey a former dog trainer in the Army's K-9 Corps says, "Our outfit gave all the Dobermans to the Marines. They were just too vicious to handle."

► In Chicago a Doberman alerted its owners to fire and was credited with saving four lives.

► In Connecticut a veterinarian told the owner of an injured Doberman, "I'll treat him if you strap him to the table."

► In Arizona a runaway stallion kicked and trampled a rancher's 4-year-old son. The child's young Doberman saved his life by fearlessly

attacking the horse and driving it off.

Each story adds to the misunderstanding which surrounds the breed. And, depending upon who is telling the story, the Doberman emerges as either a darling or a devil. In truth, he is neither. The Doberman pinscher is a highly specialized breed, superb in the uses for which he was developed, but like most specialists totally unsuited to many of the random tasks he is unfairly asked to perform.

"A Doberman must be trained to absolute obedience, ruled with a firm hand and mastered with unflinching authority," says Joan Behan who has trained hundreds of Dobermans at his Canine College in West Redding,

continued

Connecticut. "He is probably one of the easiest breeds to teach but one of the most difficult to control. An owner who is not unconditionally confident in his own ability to handle the dog under all circumstances should look to another breed. The average Doberman pinscher is too much dog for him.

"The unfortunate thing," Behan adds, "is that so many people use common sense in buying practically everything else but a dog. The neighbor down the street has a Doberman. They see only his sleek, aristocratic looks; but that's often enough to make them decide they want one too. You should see what happens after a Doberman wins a major dog show. Suddenly everyone decides it is fashionable to own one. Then the trouble begins."

Enlightened breeders are the first to agree with John Behan that if the breed is to survive in this country selective selling of Dobermans is every bit as essential as selective breeding. At the present time there are about 33,000 Dobermans in the United States. Of this number, it is not unreasonable to assume that upwards of 30% are in the homes of people who should not own them.

"I had an hysterical call just last week from a woman who was being held at bay by the family pet," Behan relates. "She insisted, against my advice, upon owning a Doberman. She lives in a big country house and wanted protection when her husband was out of town. But she also wanted a pet she could pamper and coddle. She permitted the dog the run of the house with only one taboo: he was forbidden to get on her fancy lace bedspread.

"The dog, a creature of animal, not human, comprehension—a fact too many owners refuse to accept—was unable to distinguish between the bedspread and other furniture. On the occasion of the frantic phone call, the woman had entered her bedroom to find the Doberman on the bed. In anger she rushed at him, and the dog did the only thing he might be expected to do under such circumstances. He went for her."

Behan emphatically points out that the owner, not the dog, was at fault here. A situation had occurred which the dog was unfamiliar with and therefore unable to understand. He reacted instinctively. And finding

himself in control of the situation, he took advantage of it. Another breed of dog, it is true, might not have been as quick tempered or as easily aroused by similar provocation. But here the distinctive personality of the Doberman pinscher is involved.

When Herr Louis Dobermann, a German dogcatcher, began about 1870 to experiment with the development of the breed that now bears his name, his goal was a dog with the agility and grace of a terrier, the sleek aristocracy of a racer, the power and strength of a working



NACY GUARD DOG (above) keeps in shape for department store duties after completing special attack training course at John Behan's Canine College (below).



shepherd and the ferocity of a tiger—ready and willing to attack anything, man or beast.

An indication of Dobermann's success was reported some years later by an early Swiss breeder, Gottfried Liechi, who wrote: "They were certainly robust, had absolutely no trace of fear—not of the devil himself—and it required a good deal of courage to own one." A shortage of courage was obviously no problem in Germany at the turn of the century, because the popularity of "Dobermann's dogs" spread astonishingly throughout the country. By 1912 the Dobermann Pinscher Club of Germany was formed, and the breed had developed an enthusiastic following in several neighboring countries. One fancier, Philipp Grueng, summed up the ideal of European breeders in describing a particular Doberman: "He was covered with scars, and was the sharpest dog I ever saw." Sharp is an agreeable German way of saying ferocious.

A Floridian who showed his Doberman pinscher at Wiesbaden last September confirmed the sharpness of the German Dobes. "Most of the males were brought in and benched with spike collars," he reported, "and few persons showed inclination to touch them."

In America this sharpness has been bred down but fiery temperament remains characteristic of the breed. It is by no means a weakness. Rather, it is one of the traits which, when properly utilized, makes the Doberman a superb animal for certain specialized duties.

This was proved dramatically in

the war. Nominated by the Marine Corps as its official war dog, the "devil dogs," as they were called, performed heroically in several branches of the armed forces.

In periods of a few weeks, these dogs were put through intensive basic training which transformed them from domestic animals to battle-conditioned sentries, messengers, scouts and attack dogs. They were trained to obey to the absolute any order given by their handlers. Upon the command "attack," they became vicious killers, often more feared than firearms. But they learned, too, to share peacefully the intimate and often unpleasant living conditions of the men they served.

One Doberman saved an entire tank platoon on Bougainville by alerting it to an ambush. Another gave his life to take on, singlehanded, a machine gun nest which had already picked off 12 men on an island near Okinawa. By doing so, he was credited with saving the lives of an entire patrol. When the dog's bullet-ridden body was lifted by his buddies from the nest, they had to pry his teeth from the arm of a dead enemy.

On Iwo Jima, Dobermans routed snipers from caves, pillboxes and tunnels. On Peleliu Island they stood security watch through jungle nights, carried messages between outposts and established communications by laying wire from reels strapped to their backs. Several were officially cited for bravery.

In civilian life as well as in wartime the Doberman has distinguished himself as a guard dog. Doberman guards have been used by police departments, colleges, mental institutions, banks, department stores, dozens of small businesses and even saloons where persistent thefts were stopped only when the dogs were introduced.

The Doberman in the pictures above is being trained by John Behan to guard a doctor who has twice been attacked by mental patients. The dog's job will be to sit in the doctor's office as quietly as he is seated with Behan's children. But when the command "get him" is given, this seemingly gentle dog will instantly become a vicious animal ready to kill, if necessary, to protect his owner. His basic attack objective, however, is not to kill but to disarm by first going for the right hand and then bringing the enemy to bay.

In 1932 R. H. Macy & Co. installed in their New York store a team of four



TWO MOODS OF DOBERMAN are illustrated here as Kevin and Eileen Behan fondle dog being trained by their father (below left) to attack enemies upon command.



Dobermans trained at Behan's Canine College. During store hours, the dogs live in rooftop kennels where they review the exercises necessary to keep them in condition for the jobs they perform at night. When Macy's closes its doors for the day, the dogs are released to roam the many floors of the building, searching for prowlers and sneak thieves, stragglers caught after hours, signs of smoke or fire, water leakage, or anything out of the ordinary. Recently two young girls were reported missing and traced to Macy's vast and darkened merchandise jungle. They were found by a Doberman guard dog who, to the amazement of his handler, licked the girls' hands to put them at ease.

At one time the Doberman was used experimentally as a seeing-eye dog. "He was a pleasure to train," says Lois Meistrell who formerly worked with The Seeing Eye in Mor-

ristown, New Jersey. "But he demanded more constant control than was desirable or could be expected from the average blind owner. He was more prone to distraction than several of the other breeds, and sometimes too overprotective of his master. When finally The Seeing Eye decided it was necessary to recall the Dobermans, most people were relieved to send them back.

"There was one blind newsdealer, though, who refused to give up his Doberman. It seems the newsdealer was not among Governor Dewey's fans. Unfortunately for the governor, he often bought his paper at this newsstand. When he did, the dealer sicked the dog on Dewey. He'd never had a guide dog which responded so violently to Republicans and he wasn't about to part with him."

In this case, again, the owner, not the dog, must be blamed. **END**

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With Degas at the Races

WHETHER it's Churchill Downs or Longchamp, the special and wonderful excitement of a horse race never fails to inspire those who seek it out. In the 1870s in France Edgar Degas, more generally known for his renderings of the ballet scene, released his excitement in paint and pastel. Roaming the tracks near Paris, he made sketches and notes which he took back to his studio to transform into the sun-filled creations shown on these pages. An eccentric man who disliked most people, animals and the out-of-doors, Degas nonetheless captured their universal appeal.

Museum of Fine Arts, Boston



'RACE HORSES,' done by Degas in 1878, resembles modern-day hunt racing of Maryland and Virginia yet shows influence of Japanese prints on the period.



Museum of Fine Arts, Boston

'CARRIAGE AT THE RACES' shows Degas' interest in camera. Fascinated by new "mechanism," he cropped foreground.

'FALSE START' is a scene at the races in 1871. The crowd sits in shade of an ornate grandstand while horses line up.

Art, John Hay Whitney



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DEFENDERS OF THE CUP

by CARLETON MITCHELL

**in the first of his reports on the classic sailing contest which
culminates off Newport in September, a noted yachtsman-
author analyzes the men and the ships contending for the defense**



AUTHOR MITCHELL will navigate *Weatherly* for Mercer group.

WHEN THE British 12-meter yacht *Sceptre* sails forth from Newport on September 30 for the 17th challenge of the America's Cup, she will meet in lone combat the sole survivor of four American candidates for the defense which awaited the starting gun for the first preliminary trial race held by the New York Yacht Club in mid-July. Between this first trial and September's ultimate, great effort, the pressures will have been as severe as any in the historic struggle for possession of the greatest single international trophy in sport. Three crews will have fallen by the watery wayside as the miles spin astern during the intervening weeks—weeks of hard work, constant experimenting, astronomically mounting costs, midnight strategy sessions and morning sail drills, race on top of race, tension building and hope fluctuating . . . plus an almost fanatical determination, after a century of successful American competition, "not to be the first to lose the cup" in the face of what appears to be the most scientifically planned and meticulously executed invasion by a cup challenger in history.

It must not be forgotten that yacht races are basically tests of skill, preparation, stamina and courage among men. This will never be

more true than this summer. Due to the rigid straitjacket of convention imposed on the designers by the provisions of the International Rule, it will probably be difficult from a distance for the spectator fleet to tell the competing vessels apart, except perhaps for hull color. Extremes in length have to be paid for by radical alterations of sail area, and such characteristics of appearance as freeboard, overhang, crown of deck and tumble home are matters carefully controlled. Even the dimensions of the table in the cabin below are specified.

But no rule governs the selection of the crews who will be aboard, or gives a hint of the motivation inspiring each owner or head of syndicate to undertake the organization, the expense and the potential heartaches and headaches likely to result from a bid for the honor of defending. Nor does the disembodied impression of beauty and serene grace of the yachts themselves convey the stress and strain of competitive reality. When you read in the morning paper a simple statement like "Weatherly tacked under the Point Judith shore," it can cover a multitude of mental and physical activities: an evaluation of the wind and tide, and the possibility of a favoring lift; an assessment of the tactical situation of the moment, and what is likely to evolve; a sudden sharp

order, and the crew leaping to stations, and the helmsman bringing the boat through the wind in a precise pattern, and the sweaty application of brute force on the winches as the sails are sheeted home. The success of the maneuver will depend on split-second timing and teamwork as precise as the Oklahoma backfield—and on imagination and ability equally lively to that of the quarterback calling the signals.

Thus it is axiomatic among sailing men that skippers and crews are as important as the vessels, if not more so. Philip L. Rhodes, one of the competing designers, went so far recently as to say publicly: "Assuming no luck is involved in winning, the crew comes first, the sails next and the boat comes third and last." Between tank-tested hulls of similar dimensions, the difference in speed potential can only be a matter of a few seconds per mile. And as Harold Vanderbilt wrote in *On the Wind's Highway*, an account of the America's Cup preparations and races in 1934 and 1937 aboard *Rainbow* and *Ranger*: "Mistakes are made frequently in yacht races, and fortune generally smiles on the yacht which makes the fewest."

Yet somehow the incidents which make good alibis later on the club veranda don't happen to the best skipper and crew—not so often, any-

continued

FIRST IN THE WATER, veteran Vix is already undergirding her early sail trials.

AMERICA'S CUP

continued

way. Vanderbilt proved his thesis with *Rainbow*, which was selected as defender after a better series of trials in which it was generally acknowledged *Yankee* was the faster boat, and then went on to retain possession of the cup against T.O.M. Sopwith's *Endeavour*, even more superior in sheer ability to get through the water. In the first instance *Rainbow* came through principally because of sounder tactics and stronger gear; in the second, again through tactical superiority, plus far smarter teamwork on deck.

It is still too early to make any sweeping predictions about the yachts themselves. Improvement of the current 12s over *Vixen*, considered the last word in 1939 and built to the identical rule which governs design today, is generally conceded to be a matter of refinement, of smoothing lines here and cutting weight there, and perhaps taking advantage of technological advances in other fields which can be applied to naval construction. Refinement has reached the point where *Weatherly* is using aluminum screws in her deck to save a few pounds over the traditional bronze—this in a vessel whose finished weight will not be far from 30 tons.

Despite the fact that Phil Rhodes, before a dinner of the Cruising Club in late March, also stated his belief that "the International Rule establishes virtually a one-design class"—and proved the degree of his conviction by the unprecedented gesture of projecting before a large audience construction details and even the lines of his creation—the possibility of a vessel of revolutionary speed like *Ranger*, the "super J boat," appearing is not to be entirely ruled out. His own may be such a boat. Another American designer of great skill and imagination, C. Raymond Hunt, is getting his first crack at the class. He produced the 5.5-meter *Quazotic* for the 1956 Olympic Games, and she was by far the fastest of the fleet assembled for the selection trials. She was also the hard-luck boat of the series. After being disqualified by a foul in one race, she came to the last needing only a ninth for over-all victory—and down tumbled her mainsail when a halyard fitting failed.

Olin Stephens, of the design firm of Sparkman and Stephens, sums it

up by saying, "If enough little things could be put together, you might get a boat that would appear as outstanding as *Ranger*." By the "little things" he is thinking not only of the physical factors of hull, rig, sails and the minutiae of gear which together make a boat go, but also of the human element: an organizational ability to match Harold Vanderbilt's, as well as

sail area under the measurement rule is delicately balanced against waterline length, so even a minor change in one means an alteration, not necessarily desirable, in the other. Thus it can be almost certainly assumed that the crew aboard each boat will fall within the figures above: 10, 11 or 12.

In the old days professionals would have outnumbered amateurs. But

THE MEN BEHIND 'VIM'



THE MATTHEWS FAMILY has prepared *Vixen* for cup defense as a family venture. Donald (right), father John and Richard have gathered around them an expert crew.

his meticulous attention to the perfection of every detail and evolution; matters like the afterguard of *Ranger*, selected solely in an effort to get the best possible man for each individual chore; the foredeck teamwork developed through constant and demanding practice; and a dedication to a boat and her mission which not all men can achieve. It would have been hard to defeat even a relatively slow boat having such a background and organization; concentrate it on a fast hull with everything below and aloft as nearly perfect as human ingenuity and hard work could make it, and you have a superb boat. Thus it may be with a 12 in 1958.

THERE are two principal requirements governing crews aboard vessels seeking to defend the cup. The total number is limited by a provision in the racing rules of the New York Yacht Club allowing one man to each 250 square feet of measured sail area or additional fraction thereof, plus three. *Vixen's* present area of 1,916 feet, for instance, permits a working crew of 11, including skipper, navigator, afterguard and professionals. If she reduced sail area by 166 square feet, to 1,750 feet or below, she would be allowed only a crew of 10; by increasing it by 85 to 2,001 square feet or more, she could carry 12. However,

modern yachting has become largely a matter of participation by the owner and his friends or family, and the paid hands in most cases have been relegated to the position of shipkeepers, responsible principally for maintenance and assistance in sail changes. While there is nothing in the rules which would prevent a professional from steering and acting as captain in fact as well as in the oft-heard courtesy title, it is a certain bet that all helmsmen and directors of tactics will be Corinthian—amateur—sailors. This year it is doubtful if any yacht will have more than three paid men aboard, and at least one plans even less.

A second requirement governing the candidates is that the owner or head of syndicate be a member of the New York Yacht Club. This is more a matter of tradition than written rule, but so closely has the New York Yacht Club been associated with the America's Cup—beginning with the syndicate of its members which first won the trophy—that its right to act as arbiter of the cup's destiny was questioned only once. In 1901 Thomas W. Lawson, a wealthy Boston stock speculator, created a flurry by announcing he would pit his *Independence* against the two yachts being raced by members of the New York Yacht Club to decide a defender; he was not a

member of the club and had no intention of becoming one, but he demanded a right to compete. Words passed, and the public took sides. Regardless, the *Independence* was not allowed to enter the trial races, but the pressure was taken off the New York organization when the three boats met in a series of events arranged by the Newport Yacht Racing Association—and the *Independence* finished a dismal last each time.

HAROLD VANDERBILT, long years ago, wrote in *Enterprise*: "Public interest in the America's Cup is such that when a yacht is chosen to defend it she loses her private character and becomes for the time being the property of the American people; she is their representative, their defender." And he added: "For that reason they are entitled to her history." Here, then, are the stories of the 1958 candidates for the cup defense:

First, there is the still unnamed boat of the Sears syndicate, called *Swift* in the earliest stages of her career until, according to one report, a superstitious member among her sponsors felt such an optimistic name might be the kiss of death. She was the first yacht to be announced, and is financed by a syndicate of New York Yacht Club members. Henry Sears, guiding spirit of the group, was commodore when the deed of gift was altered to permit a resumption of competition. His reason for building a 12 was based not only on a love of sailing and racing extending back through 11 boats named *Aclero* to a Swampscott dory in 1921, but on concern for the honor of the New York Yacht Club. As he says, "It would have looked awfully damned silly to have sponsored a challenge and then have no boat to defend." Immediately when the Royal Yacht Squadron signified its intention of sending across a vessel in quest of the hallowed trophy, Sears personally underwrote the preliminary expenses of designing and tank-testing a defender, and then began persuading others to help.

Second, there is *Easterac*, owned by Chandler Hovey of Boston, which is "a family affair"—family-financed, and to be sailed principally by members of the family, assisted by the designer, Ray Hunt, and his son. Chandler Hovey's desire to participate is easy to understand: not only did he receive an appeal to come to the rescue with a yacht when the New York

group was having difficulty raising sufficient money to begin construction, but the 78-year-old down-East sailor has had the most big boat racing experience of any active yachtsman in America, including ownership of three *J* boats. Thrice before he has been a candidate to defend: with *Yankee* in 1930 and 1934, and *Rehoboth*, purchased from Vanderbilt, in 1937. Perhaps what finally made up his mind this time was a desire to erase the disappointment of one of the most agonizing moments in sporting history, when in the deciding race of the final trials in 1934, Vanderbilt, after a seesaw battle of 30 miles, brought *Rainbow* across the line one second ahead of *Yankee*—so close that the crews of neither boat nor the spectator fleet knew who had won

until they were told by the committee.

Third, there is *Weatherly*, building for Henry D. Mercer of Rumson, N.J. and two business associates, Cornelius Walsh and Arnold Freese. Although Mercer has long been associated with shipping and power yachting, there was universal surprise when he commissioned Philip Rhodes to design a candidate for defense, as he had never been active in the sailing side of yachting. It turned out to be a gesture in the grand tradition: as a younger couple Henry and Catherine Mercer had traveled across the Atlantic by steamer with Sir Thomas Lipton on the way to one of his many challenges. They had become firm friends, and Mercer developed a great admiration for the sportsmanship of

continued

THE SEARS SYNDICATE



HENRY SEARS



BRIGGS CUNNINGHAM



GERARD B. LAMBERT



WILLIAM T. MOORE



JAMES A. FARRILLE JR.



A. HOWARD FULLER



SEARS SYNDICATE BOAT, an Olin Stephens design, is yet unnamed but nearing completion at the Nevins yard in City Island, N.Y. Probable launching: mid-June.

AMERICA'S CUP

continued

the Irish baronet. In his mind there formed the determination that perhaps he, too, would "have a go at The Old Mug," if the occasion arose. So when he heard the New York Yacht Club syndicate was having trouble raising sufficient money to proceed, he decided to make sure America would have at least one new boat to meet the British invasion.

Fourth, there is *Vim*, with an impressive record, including a campaign on the Solent under Vanderbilt in 1939 when she completely outclassed the best the British then had to offer. Through the war and for several years afterwards she sat forlornly on a cradle in a City Island shipyard, until bought in 1951 for the traditional song—comparatively speaking—by John Matthews of Oyster Bay, N.Y., owner of other large sailing craft, who "liked the idea of having a fast sporty boat for racing." He added a small engine and made minor changes in the accommodations below, and with his sons and friends sailed her happily and successfully for the intervening years under the Cruising Club of America Rule. Suddenly, there was a change in the deed of gift of the America's Cup, and he found he had a possible defender. He was pleased and also somewhat appalled, but too much in love with *Vim* not to undertake the task of campaigning her: "In justice to the boat we have to go ahead, and there will be no halfway measures in our preparations."

Behind each vessel now being constructed is another story, the selection of a designer. "I felt Olin Stephens was the logical man," said Henry Sears. "He not only has had a great deal of experience in the International Rule, producing such boats as the 6-meter *Goose* and the 12-meter *Vim*, but through his work on *Ranger* he has been subjected to cup pressures." Chandler Hovey turned to Ray Hunt, partly as a fellow New Englander, partly because of his success with a multitude of brilliant designs. "Ray came in to see me at my office a couple of times last year," recalled Mr. Hovey, "and talked to me about building a 12. I wasn't too interested. Then one day Harry Morgan called me from New York and said there was a possibility of the club syndicate falling apart; the challenge had been formally accepted and there was a chance no new boat would ma-

terialize on our side. I told him I would think it over. By pure coincidence, a half hour later Ray walked in and unrolled some preliminary plans. I told him to go ahead, and informed Harry Morgan next day we would have a boat." In New Jersey, Henry Mercer, also hearing of the difficulties of the original syndicate, called Philip Rhodes, who has designed winning yachts to virtually

difficult these days for even wealthy men to persuade themselves to put up the large sums of cash needed.

While at this writing every slot in every crew has not been filled, the general outline of the key personnel aboard each candidate has become clear. The Sears boat will be sailed by a formidable team, including several members of the syndicate which financed her. Briggs Cunningham,

THE MEN BEHIND 'WEATHERLY'



HENRY D. MERCER



CORNELIUS WALSH



ARNOLD D. FEESE



"WEATHERLY" TAKES SHAPE at Luders yards in Stamford, Conn. A Rhodes design, she will be skippered by Arthur Knapp Jr., probably launched in mid-June.

every other rule but the International, and asked for a two-week option on his services. Before the time expired, Mercer and his associates met with Rhodes and commissioned him to design a boat—and, what is rare in yachting annals, not only to design it but to choose a builder, skipper and crew.

If, at the present writing, any criticism can be leveled against the American effort to produce a worthy defender, it is in the lateness of the launching of the new boats. It has always been considered desirable to begin practice sails and tune-ups in late April or early May. Before the first new 12 takes the water on this side of the Atlantic, the British challenger *Sceptre* will have had many weeks of intensive workouts. Only *Vim* will be matching her. Yet the delay is probably the fault of no one except the tax collector: it is simply

who will be starting helmsman and in over-all charge as skipper, has recently been better known for his sports car activities, but it should not be forgotten that he was a master in 6-meters in the 1930s, and was successful in 12s as well. Aboard as an alternate helmsman and navigator will be Henry Sears. Another alternate helmsman and chief adviser on tactics will be Olin Stephens, the designer, who performed similar duties in the 1937 races as a part of the afterguard of *Ranger*. The other member of the famous brother team, Rod Stephens, will have his same job as on the last defense, supervising the setting and trimming of headsails. Another member of the regular crew will be William T. Moore, president of the Moore-McCormack steamship lines and owner-skipper of the ocean racer *Argyll*, winner of the Bermuda Race in 1950.

Nothing shows better the trend towards Corinthianism in yachting than the complete roster of the Sears boat. In the old days there was an amateur afterguard and a paid foredeck gang. The latter did all the heavy work of sail setting and trimming. In fact, a yachtsman of the '80s would probably no more have thought of going forward to the mast than he would of going to the galley and offering to help peel potatoes.

But on the Sears boat today there will be only two professionals, Fred Lawton, as sailing master, and a younger sailor. Lawton is among the tops in his field, having held a similar position under Vanderbilt on *Vixen* and John Nicholas Brown on *Bulwer*. Working shoulder to shoulder with him and his helper will be an amateur group, including Colin E. Ratsey, youngest of the famous line of sailmakers (an uncle, George Colin Ratsey, head of the parent firm of Ratsey & Lipton in Cowes, will be almost equally active on behalf of the challenger, as Ratseys have been on both sides of the Atlantic for most of the history of the cup). Others will include Cornelius Shields Jr.; Wallace (Tobey) Tobin, a Yale undergraduate; and one other young Corinthian yet to be named.

One great yachtsman who is a member of the syndicate probably will be aboard very little, if at all. Yet, according to Henry Sears, it is Gerard B. Lambert who "got her off the ground" when the boat was in danger of never being built. "He came to me and said, 'I'm for this, for the sport. I don't want to sail, but here it is with my blessings.'" The unspecified "it" must have been a generous share of the financial backing, as the plight of the project to provide a defender was no secret. Yet Lambert can probably be of future service to the group as well, because of his great experience in campaigning large sailing yachts in American and European waters before the war. Other members of the syndicate who will be available but probably will not sail aboard regularly are James A. Farrell Jr., of the Farrell Lines, and A. Howard Fuller of Hartford, Conn., president of the Fuller Brush Company, which is building the mast. Fuller is owner of *Gesture*, another Bermuda champion.

Easterner will undoubtedly be run on a different basis. "We have always sailed informally as a family," declared Chandler Hovey, a tall, erect,

handsome man with short-cropped gray hair and eyes puckered at the corners from a lifetime of watching sun dance across water. And a family it will be: Chandler Hovey Jr., 44, still bearing the boyhood nickname Bus, will be the starting helmsman, and his brother, Charles, 48, will be alternate. Son-in-law Sherman Moss will navigate, and daughter Sis, his wife, will be on deck much of the time. Mr. Hovey himself will head the board of strategy.

ADDING to the knowledge and know-how of the Hovey clan will be Ray Hunt, as brilliant a racing sailor as he is a designer. At his best in light airs, his ability to smell out fickle slants borders on the miraculous. "Ray is uncanny," his competitors have moaned, including me. "He goes somewhere, and that's where the new breeze begins." Among his other talents is tuning to a high pitch vessels which have been dead for other skippers: "He can make 'em come alive," admitted one owner. Perhaps this is a reason why Chandler Hovey is not too concerned by the late launching date projected for *Easterner*. "If you have a good boat it doesn't take long to get her going," he said. "Tuning is a matter of prior knowledge and feel." But the elimination of design and building bugs is another thing, and among the question marks of the trials will be the ability of her crew to get rid of all possible sources of trouble in the short time before the chips are down.

Henry Mercer and his associates conceived and commissioned *Weatherly* in the tradition of an earlier era, and it looks as though she will be sailed in the same manner. Mr. Mercer will not be aboard but will watch events from the deck of the 110-foot diesel yacht *Bluejacket*, as Sir Thomas Lipton followed the destinies of his *Shamrock* from the bridge of the mother ship, *Erin*. But there the similarity will end, as the crew of *Weatherly* will be principally Corinthian. In fact, representing the sailing interests of his family as one of the pullers-and-haulers aboard will be Douglas D. Mercer, 22. Now a States Marine Line third mate, he will temporarily desert the bridge for the foredeck.

The question of who would be named as skipper of *Weatherly* was debated by yachtsmen for months. Many of the finest racing helmsmen in America were considered, but the final honor of selection went to Arthur

Knapp Jr. of Larchmont, N.Y. On *Ranger* he occupied the post of head-sail and spinnaker trimmer. In 1958 he will have the responsibility of rounding out and training a crew, choosing sails, tuning the rig and making the 10,000 individual decisions which inevitably plague a skipper.

Now in his early 50s, Knapp's sailing career extends back to 1916 when he raced a 14-foot Butterfly class sneakbox at the Bayside Yacht Club. At 11, his father bought him a Star; by 1930 he had become world champion skipper of the Star class, numerically at the time about the biggest and most active one-design fleet in existence. From Stars, he progressed up and down, sizewise, from dinghies to J's, and extended his interests to ocean racing, making the trip to Bermuda, among other off-shore ventures, nine times. In between he raced Internationals in Long Island Sound for 12 seasons, winning the YRA Championship four times and never finishing farther back than third. Few sailors have had more varied experience, or been as consistently successful in all types of vessels.

Shuttling between sail trimmer and relief helmsman will be Edgar L. Raymond of Rowayton, Conn. Best known as the owner of the ketch *Chastegon*, a slippery ghost in coastwise racing, he also earned a reputation as crew member on other winning yachts, and as an ardent Frostbite dinghy skipper. Himself a sailmaker, he will contribute an ability to evaluate the vital question of drive aloft. The author will navigate, alternating and sharing other deck duties with Frank R. MacLean of New York, who is a veteran of five Atlantic and two Pacific crossings, as well as innumerable shorter passages and races.

The designer will be represented by his son, Philip H. Rhodes, a naval architect and member of his father's firm, who combines a knowledge of engineering with a well-rounded sailing career. Still to be named are three professionals and two additional Corinthians; however, there is no lack of candidates.

When John Matthews speaks of the crew of *Vixen*, it is always in terms of a modest "we." In this case the plural includes his two sons, Donald, 24, and Richard, 27. In many respects *Vixen* is part of the family, as well as being a family boat. Don was acting as skipper when still in his teens; a quiet, soft-spoken young man, he was

continued



THE HOVEY CLAN assembles before the slation of *Endeavor*. From left, they are: son Charles F., father Chandler, Chandler Jr., daughter Sis, son-in-law Sherman Morse.

AMERICA'S CUP

continued

national champion of the Raven class—small, very fast and sensitive boats—in 1954, and last summer did well in the keenly contested Internationals on Long Island. From present indications, he will probably be starting helmsman.

John Matthews is overlooking no bits in getting *Vin* ready for modern competition. She has been carefully restored to her original trim by skinning out the interior and removing the engine, and every piece of metal which might have been subjected to fatigue has been inspected. When there was any doubt, it was replaced. There is new rigging, and there are new winches, and lightweight metal spinnaker poles and main boom. Sails have been ordered of the latest synthetics. "In my personal opinion," says John Matthews, a man who knows a lot about boats, "she could not be in better shape if she had been recently built." Extensive modifications? "How could you be sure of improving something that sails so well, that balances so beautifully? She goes like the devil in light air, and she goes like the devil when it blows—what could I change?"

Unquestionably *Vin* will have the jump on the new boats when it comes to tune-up sailing. Last September Matthews and some members of his team practiced against *Gleam*, another 12, in the waters off Newport—where they encountered Commander Samuel S. Brooke, Royal Navy, who has been named initial helmsman of *Scrypte*, himself sailing with a group of English yachtsmen in a chartered yacht to study conditions of wind

and sea over the cup course. "It shows how seriously they are going about this challenge," said John Matthews, a dark, intense man. "Even with their currency restrictions they managed to come over for a month to learn our waters. The rest of their effort will be in proportion. We ourselves will have to try to do everything a little harder."

THE "we" of *Vin* has been expanded to include some of the best racing sailors in America. One is Emil (Buz) Mosbacher Jr., winner of the Benson's championship in the tough International One-Design class of Long Island Sound for eight straight years. As representative of that body of water in the 1956 Mallory Cup races in Seattle he was defeated by a talented young sailor and sailmaker from Marblehead, Mass., Frederick E. Hood. Now Ted Hood will be a fellow member of the *Vin* afterguard. Another frequent winner who will be aboard is Richard H. Bertram of Miami, who progressed from the intercollegiate dinghy title to being twice victor in the Lightning class international championships. The roster goes on through Bradley P. Noyes, whose 50-foot yawl *Tyoga* won 14 starts in 16 races during 1955; Jakob Isbrandtsen, skipper of *Holter* and *Jeffre*, consistent competitors in scores of coastwise and offshore events; and Leo (Buddy) Bombard, who has crewed on winners from round the buoys to a transatlantic race. Plus a tough and able trio of professionals of great experience, one a veteran of the last defense aboard *Ranger*.

Thus, with all the variables of men and boats, the series of trial matches beginning in July and extending into September will have every possible

element of excitement and drama. Tension will mount throughout the summer. Unless one yacht immediately establishes itself as a superboat, leadership in the series may secede; as in other sports, one competitor may be slow to get going but then come from behind in the standings to win in the final trials, perhaps in the ultimate few yards of the very last race that can be held, as did *Rainbow* over *Yankee* in 1934.

In accordance with tradition, the cup committee, under Commodore W. A. W. Stewart, will maintain complete silence until the last moment, one week before the start of the cup races on September 20, when the owner or head of syndicate is formally notified that he and his crew have been honored by selection as defender. Before this climactic event the race committee, headed by John S. Dickerson, will have made every effort to see that the actual cup conditions are approximated as closely as possible, to insure complete and impartial evaluation. And everything through many hundreds of miles of racing will enter the mental balance sheets of the cup committee: tactics before and after the start, smartness in sail handling, behavior of each yacht in a given wind and sea, relative hull speeds in heavy and light going, and—looming large—dependability. Clearly stated in the mutually agreed conditions between the competing clubs is a clause stating that "if either yacht shall be disabled after leaving her mooring for the start of the race through a defect in her hull or in her sails, rigging, gear or the handling thereof, the other yacht shall start and continue the race." The only exception can be if serious collision or accident, or crew injury, with no blame attached to the damaged vessel, should warrant postponement by the race committee in consultation with the representative of the Royal Yacht Squadron. In other words, no quarter can be asked or given.

So the trials will be trials in all senses of the word. In these scientific days, it is possible to demonstrate many things in the laboratory. But only sailing under all conditions of wind and sea can prove the results. It is better so. In sport the final competition should be between men, not machines. As one wag put it, "You can't test the skippers in a tank." Nor the crews. Therein lies the classic drama of the 17th defense of the America's Cup. (END)

19TH HOLE The readers take over

L.A. TO N.Y.: THE SEASON CONSIDERED STIR:

Well, everyone seems to have had their fun. The New York magazines, sports-writers and newspapers have blown off steam because the Dodgers and Giants pulled up stakes and moved west on Mr. Greeley's advice.

The baseball fan out here in California has been cussed and discussed. O'Malley has been castigated for coming out "in favor of money," the Coliseum has been called everything from Smog Field to the Memorial Cow Pasture, and the short left-field fence (SL, May 5) has been dubbed an enemy to Chinatown.

Well, the baseball season is pretty well started now and we should be able to look at a few facts.

Many of us here in California, myself included, did not look forward to the Dodgers. We didn't want a bunch of money-hungry hops from New York, which is what it appeared at first, that O'Malley and his gang were. But since they arrived we have learned that the Dodgers are a darn nice bunch of fellows and a pretty good baseball team. They've given a good show and they're trying with all their hearts. Which is what counts. These fellows are sportsmen. I can understand why New York hated to lose them.

New York apparently still doesn't know what happened, but I think I do. The New York fan won't help keep what he has. If he gave a Chinese home run for his sports, he'd be out to every game the Yankees played. Since New York has only one-third of its baseball left, Yankee attendance should triple, or at least double, over what it was last year.

In the first two weeks the Dodgers have averaged 41,956 fans per game at the Coliseum. The Yanks, in "baseball-mad" New York, have pulled in only 16,378 fans. So the biggest city in the nation, with almost four times as many people as Los Angeles has, contributes only one-half as many fans per game. You people may not be baseball fans, but you certainly have a healthy pair of lungs to yell with.

Why don't you guys quit crying and start supporting your team before California or Oregon takes your Yankees away from you?

BEN PRESSER

Santa Monica, Calif.

N.Y. TO L.A.: REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST STIR:

Concerning Mr. Walter O'Malley's letter (19th HOLE, April 21) criticizing Ravivli's drawing of a baseball, let me submit just this one thought: with the number of baseballs flying daily over the scandalously short left-field wall in the L.A. Coliseum, how could Mr. O'Malley possibly even remember what a baseball actually looks like?

JEFF FRASCHMAN

New York City

N.Y. TO L.A.: WHY NOT... STIR:

Mr. O'Malley, why not have a screen, say 10 feet high, extend back up into the stands? Thus, pop flies, if they hit into this net (which would be somewhat similar to the type used behind home plate), could be ruled as ground-rule doubles, eliminating the pop-fly homers. Those high, hard liners which the old screen intercepted would skip off this screen if hit hard enough and go up into the stands for home runs. The screen could be terminated at a realistic major league park distance, say 340 feet down the line.

BARRY ROYDEN

Hartford, Conn.

● It's fun, but is it baseball?—ED.

L.A. TO N.Y.: HA, HA, HA STIR:

Everyone is having a ball taking side-swipes at L.A. New York's wall of agony and New Yorkish cracks about our city, our people and our Coliseum just make us laugh out of the right side of our mouths. We got 'em, you synthetic sophistates, and watcha gonna do about it?

L. B. C. WATKINS

Los Angeles

L.A. TO N.Y.: AN INVITE STIR:

I notice the Yankees drew a spectacular opening-day gathering of 23,463. The other end of the Coliseum is available if the Yankees should want it.

ROSS NEWMAN

Long Beach, Calif.

S.F. PAY-TV (CONT.) STIR:

We San Franciscans are supporting the Giants and really like having big league ball here. However, Horace Stoneham (SL May 5) seems to think we're local yokels. Not only does he prevent any televising of away-from-home Giant games but he has stopped us from seeing the game of the week on TV. Our 49er football team believes its away games and found it stimulates home-game attention. Stoneham and Slaton, and especially Slaton, are using the Giants to get pay-TV here. My set will remain off if they manage to force major networks to go along with them.

ANDREW E. HIGHAM

San Francisco

FOREIGN CARS: WHICH ONE? (CONT.) STIR:

I note with a great deal of surprise that you picked the MGA Sports Coupe (\$2,785 with wire wheels) as the best value in a "reasonably priced sports car" (19th HOLE, April 21). I would like to point out that the Triumph TR3 convert-

JERSEY SHIRTS OF 100% ACRILAN* BY REVERE AT THESE FINE STORES

Albany, N. Y.	Whitney's
Alhambra, W. Va.	August Men's Store
Buffalo, N. Y.	Klein's
Canton, Ohio	C. N. Vickers Co.
Charleston, S. C.	Berard's Men's Shop
Charlotte, W. Va.	Frankenberg's
Chicago, Ill.	M. L. Rothchild Co.
Cincinnati, Ohio	Mabley & Carew
Cleveland, Ohio	H. B. Baker Co.
Columbus, Ohio	The Union Co.
Dayton, Ohio	Metropolitan Co.
E. Lansing, Mich.	The Tug Shop
Eas. Coast, West.	Farmer Bros.
Elgin, Ill.	Joseph Rosen Co.
Evie, Pa.	Isaac Baker Co.
Ex. River, Mass.	R. A. McWhirry Co.
Flint, Mich.	Devon's
Grand Rapids, Mich.	Morton's Men's Shop
Hackensack, N. J.	Arnold Costume Co.
Haddon, Pa.	Simon's Men's Shop
Hempstead, L. I.	Arnold Costume Co.
Huntington, W. Va.	Amshary & Johnson
Hyannis, Mass.	Puritan Store
Indianapolis, Ind.	L. Stratos Co.
Jackman, N. J.	Washington Shop
Jacksonville, Fla.	Cohen's
Jamaica, L. I.	B. & B. Men's Shop
Jersey City, N. J.	London Clapton Shop
Kansas City, Mo.	Palmer Clothing Co.
Lancaster, Pa.	M. T. Garver Co.
Lansing, Mich.	Kennedy's
Lowell, Mass.	A. G. Pollard Co.
Lynchburg, L. I.	Davies Men's Shop
Manchester, N. H.	Ben Richard's
Manhasset, L. I.	Arnold Costume Co.
Meadville, Pa.	Crawford Store
Minneapolis, Minn.	Dayton Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.	M. L. Rothchild Co.
Northridge, N. Y.	Boy's Town Clothes
Norfolk, N. H.	Macey's
New Bedford, Mass.	New Bedford Dry Goods
New Brunswick, N. J.	Arnold Costume Co.
New Brunswick, N. J.	Rosen's Clothes
New Canaan, Conn.	Bob's Sporting Goods
New Haven, Conn.	Seane Richer Co.
New Haven, Conn.	J. Johnson Co.
New Rochelle, N. Y.	Arnold Costume Co.
New York City, N. Y.	Arnold Costume Co.
Norfolk, Va.	Ann's & Greenley
Norristown, Pa.	B. J. Arena
Oakdale, Neb.	J. L. Brundage Co.
Orlando, Fla.	Elton Ben's Store
Orlando, Fla.	Delano Jew Co.
Plymouth, Mass.	Puritan Store
Port Jefferson, L. I.	Woodfield's
Pottsville, Pa.	Chas. Hammerling
Racine, Wis.	Fenger's
Reading, Pa.	Teater's
Redford, N. C.	Williams Co.
Rehoboth, N. Y.	McGrady's
Rockville Center, L. I.	Kloke's
Roseton, Mich.	Harvey's
St. Louis, Mo.	Famous & Barr
St. Paul, Minn.	The Emporium
St. Paul, Minn.	M. L. Rothchild Co.
Scranton, Pa.	Scranton Dry Goods
South Falls, N. D.	Wenderson
South Bend, Ind.	Robertson's
Springfield, N. C.	Frederick's
Springfield, Mass.	Carlie Hardware Co.
Springfield, N. Y.	Forbes & Wallace
Tallahassee, Fla.	Chapin's
Toldeo, Ohio	Lamson Bros. Co.
Trenton, N. J.	Arnold Costume Co.
Union, N. Y.	Isaac Men's Shop
Virginia, Va.	Palmer Clothing Co.
Waco, Texas	Ray Parker
Waterbury, Conn.	James Marston Co.
West Hartford, Conn.	Levy's
Wilmington, W. Va.	The Hub
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	The Hub
Wilmington, Del.	John C. Nelson
Yonkers, Ohio	Stratos Washings Co.

Also available in other fine stores throughout the country.

Left: In combinations of white/red, white/brown and white/black.

Fabric: Jersey of 100% Acrilan by Allen. Sizes S-M-L-XL about \$6.95.

Right: In combinations of navy, white or red. Fabric: Jersey of 100% Acrilan. Sizes S-M-L-XL. About \$5.95.

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19TH HOLE continued

ible, which lists for \$2,675 plus \$110.50 for wire wheels totals nearly the same amount (\$60 more). In the Triumph TR3 you have a two-liter engine developing 100 hp as opposed to the MGA one-and-a-half-liter engine which is rated at 72 hp. In addition to this, the Triumph has disk brakes in the front as standard equipment.

The Triumph TR3 is also available with a detachable steel hard top.

DAVE ALLEN

New York City

Sirs:

From your answer to Clarke P. Baldwin's query, I can only assume that you completely missed the Fiat display when you visited the International Automobile Show at the Coliseum.

As compensation for your readers who also lost this opportunity, why don't you run a picture of Fiat's 1200 convertible, one of the handsomest inexpensive foreign sports cars on the American market.

ST. CLAIR PUGH

New York City

Sirs:

In recommending certain foreign cars you said: "Only a fool or an editor would stick his neck out on a question like that."

Although I am neither an editor nor a fool (I am in the motor sales business), I suggest that your readers take a close look at both the Triumph and the Opel before any final commitment.

RALPH LAZARUS

Chelsea, Mass.

• See below the choices of Messrs. Allen, Pugh and Lazarus.—ED.



TRIUMPH TR3 HARDTOP



FIAT 1200 CONVERTIBLE



OPEL REKORD

**DREAM STREAM: QUINAUT'S
INDIAN PETE**

Sirs:

I have fished for trout on the Quinault River (Three Dream Streams, SI, April 7) about which Mr. Roderick Haig-Brown wrote, so I enjoyed having my happy recollection of it refreshed by his acute observations.

But there was another part of my fishing trip on the Quinault which was more entertaining and exciting than the fishing. That was the power-canoe handling of our guide, Frank Pickernell of Taholah, Washington, whom Mr. Haig-Brown mentioned. Frank calls himself Indian Pete—the name with which he gained renown in the region as a bantamweight prizefighter.

Indian Pete, a charming companion, got his long, splinterlike, dugout canoe, pushed by a 25-hp outboard motor, up and down the Quinault with incredible dash, skill and daring. To get over shallows and log jams on the way up the river he had perfected a sort of running leap for which he seemed to have the clearance calculated to a fraction of an inch. On the way down he frequently added the full speed of his high-powered canoe to the speed of the water to keep clear of the bank in shooting through some of the heaviest runs of the big river like a bat out of hell.

No one ever built a roller coaster that could begin to provide the thrills that Indian Pete could provide with his canoe when the Quinault is running low.

DEXTER MERRIAM KRIEGER

New York City



INDIAN PETE PICKERNELL

● Frank Pickernell fought under the name of Indian Pete from 1921 to 1942 all over the Pacific Northwest. A fierce, scrappy bantamweight, he won 42 fights (including 17 first-round knockouts), lost 10 and drew eight. At the age of 32 Pickernell resumed his amateur standing and won 16 more fights, including the Northwest Indian bantamweight title. Today at 65 Pickernell is considered one of the best guides on the river and not illogically is the law enforcement officer of Taholah, Washington.—ED.



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PAT ON THE BACK



Dick Musial

Sixteen hundred miles from his St. Louis home after his first game on the West Coast, Stan Musial stared thoughtfully at the locker room floor and considered his son Dick. "Having a well-known father can work both ways. In some cases it can hurt." Quite obviously it has not hurt young Dick, a 17-year-old senior at a St. Louis high school.

Dick Musial is a good student, a fine athlete and the totally unawed son of a famous father. A slight but

speedy halfback, Dick scored three touchdowns in the big game last fall and after a little chat with Terry Brennan aimed for and was accepted by Notre Dame. Dick switched from baseball to track in high school, last year ran the anchor leg that won his school the 880-yard relay district title and this spring competes regularly in the 100- and 220-yard sprints. His best time for the hundred is 19.3 seconds, fast enough to make his father back out of Dick's challenge to race.



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Hot pursuit takes cool skill in this African Ostrich Chase

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2. "Watch out for his legs," Taylor yelled as we struggled to hold the big bird after an hour-long pursuit. An ostrich, I learned, can kick like a wild horse. But once we had him folded him, our quarry was gentle as a lamb.



3. "Fits fine," said Taylor when the ostrich was in a shipping box. If he'd been too big we couldn't have kept him. In the zoo market, our bar-feathered friend would fetch \$500. Even the native who had ridden the bouncing hood of Taylor's Land Rover was pleased.



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